

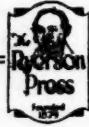
# THE CANADIAN FORUM

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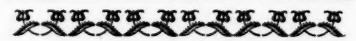


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## THE CANADIAN FORUM

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# THE CANADIAN FORUM

Vol. X.

PICKERING, MAY, 1930

No. 116

## LIBERALS ON THE WRONG ROAD

THE Prime Minister's frank statement of his position on the question of Federal grants to Provincial Governments has been the event of the month at Ottawa. It was as sincere as it was unfortunate, and it is as easy to explain as it will be difficult to explain away. Mr. King had carefully prepared the ground for an election campaign in which a claim to have settled all outstanding differences between the Federal and Provincial Governments was to be one of his main assets. He had satisfied all the claims of the Western Provinces to their natural resources and of the Maritime Provinces to the fulfilment of the Duncan Report; if current reports are correct, he had given Ontario and Quebec all they asked in rights over the water powers of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence; yet in spite of this generosity the opposition not only revived their clamour of last year for grants to the provinces for highways and technical education but demanded Federal aid to relieve unemployment. Now the country is not sufficiently excited over its trans-continental highway or technical education to condemn the Government for its detachment on those questions, but unemployment relief is a different matter. It has been a hard winter with more seasonal unemployment than usual, unemployment relief is a popular cry, and Mr. King's Minister for Labour in a speech at London had raised hopes which the Government could not satisfy. Mr. Heenan, having meant what he said at London, was not sufficiently adroit in explaining what he had not meant to pull the Government out of the hole at Ottawa, and the Tories had taken a vicious delight in exploiting the situation created by the demands of the Labour and Progressive members. Mr. King's temper had been sorely tried when he said that while he might be ready to help the Provinces with Progressive Governments he 'would not give a single cent to any Tory Government'.

\* \* \*

THE most irritating aspect of the situation for the Prime Minister must be the fact that he is himself in cordial agreement with the Western members as to the means of relieving unemployment

and the Federal Government's part in that relief. The matter of relieving any distress of the moment is a question of much less importance than that of a national scheme of unemployment insurance which is the objective of the Western members. Mr. King is on solid ground when he maintains that since none of the Provinces has asked the Federal Government for assistance this winter, his Government cannot be blamed for any inadequacy in relief. The weakness of the Prime Minister's position lies in his attitude towards unemployment insurance: in his own writings and speeches he has advocated it, by his own act in the Old Age Pensions legislation he has shown that the B.N.A. Act need not prevent his Government from taking the initiative in advancing towards it; yet because the conservative elements in his party are too strong for him he must adopt a mulish attitude that leaves him open to both ridicule and abuse. And the knowledge that Unemployment Insurance would make a first-rate election cry must make his position quite intolerable. As usual, it is in the incompatibility of the Quebec and Western wings of his party that we can find the explanation of Mr. King's most curious ambiguities and inconsistencies during the present session. In the debates over divorce courts for Ontario the West and Quebec were at loggerheads. During the first debate Mr. King neither spoke nor voted; when Mr. Woodsworth's bill was reintroduced the Prime Minister made the best speech in its favour of any member in the House—and then voted for the most fantastic and fatuous amendment ever heard of, whose only object was to defeat the bill. In the same way, in the debate on unemployment relief Mr. King not only endorsed unemployment insurance but in discussing the question of Federal and Provincial responsibility he stated his conviction that the day would soon come when 'one central Parliament will deal with all this class of legislation'; yet in the same speech he doggedly refused to take any action that would bring that day nearer. Mr. King has an affinity for the West, but Quebec has a prior claim on him: he will go very far to win the West, but eventually he always finds himself in the position of the swain in the old song: 'I can't get away to marry you today. My wife won't let me'.

WHEN the aims of the West and Quebec are irreconcilable, the B.N.A. Act often affords the Government excuse for inaction; but when the rights of the Provinces under that sacred covenant do not provide sufficient reason for standing pat the Government seems ready to give the Provinces any new rights it can think of that will relieve it of responsibility. If Quebec and the West differ on questions of social legislation, they agree at the moment on the question of immigration; the questions of unemployment insurance and immigration are interdependent, for no one will deny that the power which is responsible for bringing immigrants into the country should be to some extent responsible for the relief of unemployment; so to meet the present situation Mr. King's Government, instead of accepting responsibility for unemployment, abandons its responsibility for immigration. Mr. Stewart, acting Minister of Immigration, has outlined the Government's new policy as follows: 'Believing that the province is responsible for the individual the moment he arrives within the boundary of that province, we propose for the future not to bring in, not to admit to Canada, if you like, any individual who has not been passed upon and a request made for his admission by the provincial authorities'. So our nine provinces are to have nine different immigration policies, immigrants will find that they are not to be Canadians but Saskatchewanians or British Columbians, and in slack winters each province will be busy deporting to the others those of its unemployed who were not brought out by its own Government. Certainly, in bad times, unemployment should not be created or aggravated by more immigration than the country can assimilate, but neither should the right sort of immigration be restricted when times are good. And by renouncing its control of this activity in nation-building the Federal Government may bring that condition about. For so long as Labour is not safeguarded by an adequate system of unemployment insurance, a Labour group holding the balance of power in a Provincial Legislature might forbid any immigration at all into that province; and judging by the present mood of the farmers' organizations, the Governments of the Prairie Provinces might be forced to exclude even that most desirable sort of immigrant who wishes to go on the land.

\* \* \*

IN a country whose fiscal policy is unfair to the farmers and whose social policy is unfair to Labour, it is only natural that when the farmer cannot sell his wheat at a good price he does not wish to see more farmers settling around him to grow more wheat, that when the industrial worker is in fear of unemployment himself he objects to more labour coming into his market. Our touch of hard times this past winter has revealed the development of a very exclusive spirit in the West, and proof of its strength can be seen not only in the agitation against immigration but in the Progressives' attack on the Australian Trade Treaty in the House of Commons. Mr. Gardiner and his group demanded the abrogation of the treaty on the grounds that it favours our protected manufacturing interests at the expense of our unprotected agricultural interests. On the face of it this attitude seems both nonsensical and curmudgeonly, for we import

practically no agricultural products from Australia, our total imports from that Dominion being less than \$4,000,000 whereas our exports to her are nearly \$20,000,000; and our manufacturers profit at no cost to our farmers, who, indeed, profit indirectly themselves through the benefit to their home market. There could hardly be a trade treaty more favourable to the country as a whole; but to cancel the Australian Treaty would be to cancel the New Zealand Treaty which came into force by an order-in-council extending the terms of the Australian agreement to the sister Dominion. And so protection would be re-established against New Zealand butter. The wheat glut has made the western farmer realize that he will have to turn more to mixed farming, and if he is going to have to milk cows again he wants the biggest market and the best price he can get for his butter. As a free-trader he does not believe that he will benefit from protection in the long run; but on the mere chance that the price of butter may go up for a year or two until it is again on an export basis he is ready to become a protectionist overnight so far as his own products are concerned.

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WITH Progressives and Conservatives alike denouncing our trade treaties with the Empire, with farmers and manufacturers both crying for protection, and farmers and workers uniting in the agitation for a restrictive immigration policy, it will take more courage and statesmanship than Mr. King and his colleagues have yet shown to maintain a national policy that will be liberal in any sense of the term. Mr. Dunning's announcement that the Government will negotiate a new trade treaty with New Zealand is only the latest of a series of concessions to the exclusive spirit. The Government's new immigration regulations against 'contract labour' have already caused unpleasantness in the case of the Australian workmen held up at Victoria; just as its restrictions on the British preference have given offence to the manufacturers of Lancashire. Small things, perhaps; but straws show which way the wind blows, and this is an ill wind. That an exclusive policy can do no good to a young country is proved by Australia's present condition. This Dominion has gone further than Canada in social legislation, but her leaders have made the mistake of combining their advanced social policy with an exclusive immigration and tariff policy; and her economic plight today shows the mistakenness of that policy, while the means her Government are taking to remedy conditions show they have learnt nothing by past mistakes. Australians landing in England recently were unable to cash their bank-notes, and Australians at home are now prohibited from importing many goods they want. Canada must not take the road that leads to a state of affairs like that.

\* \* \*

THE slight depression in Canada at present is only a reflection of much worse conditions in other countries. Over-production is a world condition, that will be recurrent and can eventually be remedied only by international action at Geneva to increase our global consuming power. No one country can by itself achieve a consistent and Utopian prosperity; but Canada has resources in the Peace River Country, the



mineral North, and the power reserves of the St. Lawrence basin that should ensure her healthy development—provided that we do not make the cardinal error of adjusting our Federal policy to the spirit of exclusive nationalism stimulated so tirelessly by Mr. Bennett and conciliated so humbly by Mr. King. A strong Liberal Government at Ottawa could set us on the right road by simply putting into effect the official programme, fiscal and social, of the Liberal Party. But it would need a statesman to lead it, and Mr. King's moment of self-forgetfulness the other day showed a party politician in command. RICHARD DE BRISAY.

## NOTES AND COMMENTS

### THE NAVAL CONFERENCE

THE measure of success attained by the Naval Conference is the due reward of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald; and when we write this we are not thinking of his patient impartiality in guiding the Conference, admirable though that has been, but of his American mission last autumn. For the Three-Power agreement that is the concrete result of the three months' discussion in London puts into effect the Anglo-American understanding on sea power shaped by British Prime Minister and the American President at the camp on the Rapidan. Parity is achieved at a much lower total tonnage than was ever conceived possible at the Geneva Conference three years ago. The Americans will build less 'Washington' cruisers than they had contemplated and the English will reduce their number of cruisers from 70 to 50; the two powers will scrap battleships immediately to the extent of 202,000 tons; the battleship holiday fixed at the Washington Conference is extended six years; comparatively low fixed ratios are established for destroyers, submarines, and auxiliary craft; and, in Mr. Stimson's words, 'naval rivalry between the United States and Great Britain is definitely at an end'. The differences that existed between the English-speaking Powers and Japan have been ironed out, and Japan becomes a third party to the agreement on a ratio that is mutually satisfactory. The total reduction of the three Powers' fleets, 'built, building, and appropriated for', is 560,000 tons. These are solid benefits, well worth the time and trouble they have cost.

\* \* \*

BUT the wider aims that were the objective of the Five-Power Conference have all been thwarted. It was foreseen before the Conference met that the claims and the rivalry of France and Italy would be difficult obstacles in the way of a Five-Power agreement; and in the end they have proved insuperable. The French ambition to become a first-rate sea power and the Italian claim to parity with France prevented any agreement on fixed ratios for all five fleets, and also prevented any radical reduction in the fleets of the three Powers that were in agreement. The French attitude on submarines killed all hopes of their abolition. As the conference progressed it became clear that the only hope of persuading France to reduce her claims lay in providing her with some new guarantee of 'security'. Hence the projects for a 'Mediterranean Locarno' and a 'consultative pact'. But these broke down against the reluctance of the

British to increase their already serious obligations in the way of sanctions to European Powers and the stony opposition of the Americans to any commitments at all that might embroil them in Europe's quarrels. The Conference ends with the understanding that France and Italy will continue to seek a solution of their differences, with the friendly co-operation of England. If the Latins cannot agree, and begin a race for dominance of the Mediterranean, the Anglo-Saxons may have to reconsider their figures. The Conference has made Anglo-American relations more cordial: it is to be hoped it has not made Anglo-French relations less so. The issue of 'security' remains the great obstacle to disarmament, and on this issue Europe and America are apparently as far apart as ever. It will continue to be the greatest task of British diplomacy to bring them together.

### SPORTSMEN—AND OTHERS

ONTARIO'S fish and game laws have come in for their annual discussion. Of all the suggestions, criticisms, and appeals emanating from local sporting and conservation associations, by far the most important was the request for a law to prevent the hunting of deer with dogs. There seems to be a widespread and strong feeling among good sportsmen in favour of such a restriction, but highly vocal opposition was met with in some quarters, and the Department has deferred action for the present. The principal arguments of the obstructionists are: (a) the greater chance of accidents in 'still' hunting; (b) fewer wounded deer escape to die a slow death when dogs are used; and (c) stags are hunted with hounds in England, the home of true sportsmen. A feeble defence would be hard to find. No sportsman deserving the name will fire till he is sure that his target is a deer and not a man, and that he has a fair chance of bringing it down. Nor will he fail to follow up a wounded deer, and if the injury is mortal he will probably come up with it more quickly when it is not terrified to wild flight by the baying of a hound. The suggestion that a supporter of stag hounds in England lies waiting by the heather with a rifle for the flying quarry, will be enough to give him an apoplexy of righteous indignation. But these pleas are of course mere camouflage. The real argument for the use of dogs is simply that with them the hunter needs much less skill, endurance, and patience—the three qualities that make a real hunter or sportsman—and without them a good many 'sports' would return deerless to town. If this regulation were passed, and if for a few years our deer hunters by a self-denying ordinance would turn their attention to the wolves, the problem of deer conservation would be solved.

### WINGS

AN obnoxious film has been circulating in the province of Ontario during the winter months. It bears the name of *Flight*, and its primary aim is the glorification of the United States Marine Corps, and especially of its aviation service. This is bad in itself, but the real iniquity is in a ridiculous misrepresentation of American activity in Nicaragua. All the Nicaraguans shown are filthy and brutal, women who seduce the living marines in a squalid tavern, men

who mutilate them when they are dead. The worst quality of these Nicaraguans is their resentment of the marines' presence in Nicaragua; they actually wish to chase home these fine upstanding, clean-limbed, slick-haired heroes. We were especially disgusted by a scene in which the American aviators train their machine guns from above on a **panic-stricken, routed,** and obviously ineffective contingent of desperadoes. We call the attention of the League of Nations Society, the United Empire Loyalists, the Daughters of the Empire, and the Nicaragua consul-general—if there is one—to this travesty.

### OPERA IN CANADA

GRAND Opera has never flourished in the British Empire. Yet, curiously enough, Britain is the home of Light Opera and the still lighter Musical Comedy. Probably the somewhat artificial union of drama and music seems inapposite to the stolid Anglo-Saxon, and the only way in which he can bring himself to combine them is in the semi-salacity of musical comedy, or the half-working buffoonery of light opera. Is it, as Max O'Rell once suggested, that if somebody has to make a fool of himself, the Englishman prefers it to be the other fellow! To the Italian, grand opera seems to be as natural as breathing. Yet Italian Opera has never become acclimatized in England. Around 1700, when it appeared to be gaining a foothold, along comes Gay with his *Beggar's Opera* and effectually kills it. And Gay achieved a resting place in Westminster Abbey as his reward. What then shall be said of Vaughan Williams' *Hugh the Drover*? It is magnificent in many ways, but it is not grand opera. It stands midway between the light and the grand. Based on traditional native airs it is as redolent of the English country-side with its primroses and bluebells as the *Beggar's Opera* and owes its success to much the same set of circumstances. The skill with which Vaughan Williams weaves folk-tunes into the texture of *Hugh the Drover* is as original and brilliant as one would expect from the composer of the London Symphony. Set in the period of the Napoleonic Wars he makes full use of his opportunities. With a better libretto his success would have been still greater. Through the enterprise of Dr. Ernest MacMillan and Mr. Alfred Heather, assisted by the best vocalists and instrumentalists that an increasingly musical city could supply, and backed by the ever useful public-spirited guarantors, Toronto has had the opportunity recently of witnessing several performances of *Hugh the Drover* and has pronounced them good. While it would be absurd to expect the principals to rank with the leaders of the Metropolitan Opera in New York, it can be said with truth that the performance as a whole had better balance than anything of the kind ever staged in Toronto. The chorus was especially good; the animation and interest maintained throughout, aided by the fresh young voices, were a welcome contrast to the languid boredom of visiting choruses. We are glad to have had the opportunity of enjoying this bit of rural Britain. Perhaps, in time, we shall be educated to enjoy something that stirs our emotions and appeals to our intellects more strongly.

### HENRI BOURASSA

SOME few days ago M. Henri Bourassa slipped into Toronto, delivered a rousing speech at a St. Michael's College banquet and slipped out again—all without the guardians of this citadel being any the wiser or any the worse. We mention the fact not to sound the tocsin of alarm but to give ourselves the pleasure of doing homage to a great Canadian. One need not agree with his ideas to appreciate the value to Canada of our greatest Liberal back-bencher. The whip of party discipline cracks over his head in vain: the member for Labelle has a consistent and persistent political philosophy, and judges every measure by its light. French Canada admires him rather, perhaps, as the editor of *Le Devoir* than as a parliamentarian. In its editorial columns, week after week, he propagates his political philosophy, coordinated with the strictest French logic and written in the clearest firmest French prose that Canada can boast in our time. These columns are read and re-read by the university students of French Canada, by its professional men and by its clergy, because they are not at the mercy of expediency or caprice. We pay homage to M. Bourassa and we hope that his next visit to Toronto will be public and polemic!

### THE FROG AND THE OX

La Fontaine's Frog called upon '*ma soeur*' to behold and to admire. This one, bolder and more modern, insists upon the approbation of the model he seeks to imitate.

A greenbacked Frog beheld an Ox,  
And much admired his portly figure.  
'Begad', said he, 'I'd pop my socks,  
If I could grow a little bigger.'

He puffed and panted, strained and stretched,  
To equal Basan's bovine greatness,  
And pausing now and then he fetched  
A word from out his round oblateness.

'O Basan, say, is that enough?  
Look well and see this sight amazing.'  
The Ox was red and stout and gruff:  
He simply sniffed and went on grazing.

He tries again. 'How now, old Steaks?'  
'You hopping fish, you're not worth mention.'  
Then Froggy spreads his jaws and makes  
His last calamitous distention.

For grunt and groan and gasp and snort  
Avalied nought our poor batrachian,\*  
His tummy with a loud report  
Exploded under such inflation.

The moral is a simple one,  
In fact it's patent as the Sun.  
If you would join the Upper Crust,  
Avoid all shams or else you'll bust.

\*Note to Purists.

If you hold that inflation wont rhyme with batrachian  
Find me a good rhyme or swallow my faky un.

R. K. H.

## SUPER-SELLING CANADA TO THE EMIGRANT

BY E. NEWTON-WHITE

A RECENT *Toronto Star Weekly* editorial, under the caption—'Need Canada do This?', referred to a sample of advertising by immigration authorities in England, and demonstrated that Canada need not and should not do it. For immigration literature there seemed to be nothing very unusual in the actual advertisement; although the cheap and blurb-like style indicated may have surprised some people. But the accompanying offer was somewhat amazing. It appears that the Canadian National Railways have added to their manifold activities and services a correspondence college. Duly applying, the guileless ad. reader could be entered for a ten-week 'Course' on 'Canadian Farming'. Positions found and success guaranteed, as bravely as the best. Like all good Courses it teaches everything about its subject; but while advertising of this nature is never particularly noted for its modesty, still it would be a bold mail-order college that would say in such a connection—as does this—that inexperience is no obstacle to success (in Canadian farming).

Some time last summer *The Star* had a descriptive article on the training farms in Britain, where prospective Canadian farm-help is given a 'Course'—in this case by actual attendance. Although not written from a hostile standpoint, that article could scarcely fail to convey to every practical reader the stupidity of the system, and an idea of the competence of those who initiated it. Physical training may indeed be helpful in between the idleness of unemployment and the strenuous occupation in prospect; but why spoil it by an impractical and ludicrous imparting of so-called methods? We ridicule the postal course that aims to teach, among other things, the harnessing of horses; but what about harnessing wooden horses, and milking rubber cows—at least, rubber models of that part of a cow's anatomy with which the milker is chiefly concerned? A little in advance of the mail course perhaps; but how much? And if the individual himself is any good, would not two practical five-minute lessons—in harnessing, for instance—on consecutive mornings on the actual job, given by that expert, the Canadian farmer, be more effective than weeks of a 'course', postal or otherwise? Surely evidence of official lack of agricultural perception in agricultural issues, shows here also?

But our quarrel is really with the way immigration authorities have taken a leaf out of the book of our native and imported real-estate, stock, and book salesmen, in trying to induce unwilling or indifferent Britishers to emigrate, the 'high-pressure' methods that are employed to sell Canada. Granted that all the exhibits, pictures, figures, and so on, used in our propaganda, are genuine. But then so are the exhibits at local fall-fairs, and the photos of beautiful scenery and big fish in vacation folders. Yet neither may be representative of the general capabilities of the region for which they are intended as a boost. There may be a few of us misled by the display at a fall-fair. We know that the exhibitors have hand-picked, with the aid of calipers, rule, scales, and magnifying glass the finest, even the abnormal, of their products. And

in stock (not live—but mining, etc.,) and subdivisions of land, we are steadily developing more resistance to enthusiasm-with-motives. But the Englishman may not be so familiar with our little habits of auto-deception. And when suggestions come to him with the weight of names like Dominion of Canada and Canadian National Railways behind them, he may well be taken off his guard. And if he is persuaded to emigrate by these suggestions, and he comes to find that they are 99% false so far as the average individual is concerned, he may be brought to a frame of mind that will decrease his value as a new citizen.

Take this particular display to which *The Star* rightly took exception. I think it is a mild instance; but it shows, besides fields of waving grain, a 'fine house, ample barns and stables and a beautiful grove of poplars—a fine layout and the buildings are palatial.' We will not say that it is outside the realm of possibility for an inexperienced immigrant, of the type and of the capital to whom this advertisement would appeal, to ultimately own such a home. It has been done when chances were better than they are now; it may conceivably be done yet. But by how many? Of one thing we have certain proof. If, in any agricultural section, there exists a 'fine layout and buildings—palatial', that farm becomes the local show-place to which are steered all the visitors of note, by the local boosters. Proving, beyond doubt, that the condition is noteworthy. Who owns, as a rule, these exceptional places? Are they not usually, if in old established parts, owned and operated in the nature of a hobby by men whose incomes come, or came, from pursuits remotely or entirely unconnected with farming? Or if in new districts, do such layouts exist except as government demonstration or experimental stations? And what chance has the average Canadian (not emigrant) farmer—the man who knows farming, the country, the climate, and is inured to the undeniable drawbacks and difficulties of farm life—what chance has he of attaining a palatial residence and buildings by ordinary hard work and ordinary farm incomes? Where, then, does the raw immigrant fit in; the young fellow whose inexperience is such that a postal course in Canadian farming is advised, and who, presumably, will accept such advice and swallow the accompanying statements?

If we rashly answer a striking ad. of some wonderful offer of real estate, or patent medicine, or mining stock, we expect the subsequent calls of enthusiastic salesmen, the loving personal letters and follow-ups, and the brightly-hued folders marked—'Sailing on to Success' and 'Will You Risk being a Millionaire'. We have learned to expect them and, some of us, to value them rightly. There are people and organizations who very profitably exploit the gullibility of an apparently inexhaustible crop of suckers. But when governments adopt the same methods it is time for people to constitute themselves a better-business bureau, and stop it. If there is one course of human action which should be, for future chances of success, as spontaneous as possible, it is migration. No one can deny that any measure of success in Canadian farming can only be



attained by very hard work, and slow, painful processes. Under present conditions it is almost a physical impossibility for a young newcomer, however well intentioned, strong, adaptable, to reach in his lifetime that stage so dazzlingly held before him. He has to learn the ways of Canada and farming, pay off his loan, and the something more than nominal interest that accrues, pay high local taxes and school rates, live, and normally, raise a family. Then why tell him it can be done? Yet, over there, agents for Canada and the railroads have been using high-pressure methods, to rope in their prospects, that would give points to the various drives of real-estate men in Florida and elsewhere.

And then Canadians express surprise at the attitude of some of the newcomers who represent the fruit of these efforts, not realizing that the cause is often true disappointment. Can we wonder that they regard Canada as a fraud, and Canadians as crooks, feel somewhat the same as those Canadians who at times have bought land underneath the Gulf of Mexico or the bottom of a Florida swamp? There is a bitterness that comes to emigrants with the disillusion caused by deliberate misrepresentations of Canadian conditions (I speak with the best of all knowledge) which it behoves Canadians to avoid causing at all costs. There is but one safe way out. Tell the truth! If the truth is not good enough to attract, then leave persuasion alone and let Canada do with fewer immigrants. For the few are likely to be the best of all migrants from the Canadian viewpoint. Possessing the truth, it stands to reason that they are coming to better, or more congenial, conditions than they left. Their act having been of their own initiative, they are, as it were, on their honour to themselves and their friends to make good.

But to pick out the isolated and extreme instances of high success of former immigrants; to picture the farms and homes of successful farmers in the second, third or fourth generation since settlement, and in the most favorable locations; or worse, to picture the hobby-farms of rich men: and advance the whole as the genuine opportunity and possibility for inexperienced young Englishmen, or as the inducement to parents anxious for their children's future—is disgraceful for a nation. And unnecessary. What is needed is a plain, unvarnished picture of average Canadian farm conditions everywhere. Neither the best nor the worst need be shown; but if the best is included it should be labelled as such, and the opposite shown also. And the reasons for both given. Show them the farms, and income therefrom, of the old settled parts of the East and West, which the competent native-born are working. Show them the average farm, the fruit of the labours and the results of the acquisition of Canadian farming knowledge by the erstwhile immigrant of the last twenty or thirty years in Northern Ontario or on the Prairies. Show them the average homes, income, social conditions, and true prospects of the newcomers to Canada in their first, second, or third years, as they exist today wherever new settlement is proceeding—in the bush or in the new North-West.

Besides the magic possibilities, show them the little shack, or two- or three-roomed 'house' of frame or log; the small cramped buildings that must house the

first horses and livestock. The domestic wood-pile near the door, frozen and buried deep in snow, or soaked by the fall rains. The carrying of water in pails from the creek. The carrying in and melting of boilerfuls of snow in the winter-time, when the well is dry and the creek frozen solid. Let them realize the details. The months of isolation from church and entertainments and shopping, for the womenfolk. The cold North-West wind that discourages all outgoing except for necessity. That cold that is so dry, when it is thirty and forty below that—according to the emigration literature—one does not feel it. Something of the feelings when sickness or childbirth comes and the doctor, and perhaps the nurse, is miles away, it may be over roads still blocked by the last storm. The sending forth of little children with their dinners, before full daylight on a windy winter morning, to face the wind over one, two, or three miles of drifted roads to school.

These are the almost inevitable accompaniments of pioneering without capital, which no amount of science, invention, and scheming can avoid. It is these things that make up the life of the new settler-farmer and his wife, and by which they judge the country. Rest assured that if, knowing the probabilities, the life appeals to them—if it offers them anything—they will come. And Canadian history shows that coming, under these circumstances, they will make good.

But if, unknowing, and by nature unfitted for the life; or if, by false promises and pictures, they are lured from as good or better opportunities and a comparatively easy life where bodily comforts and social pleasure are available, they will be no good to themselves or Canada. Is a disillusioned, disheartened, debt-encumbered immigrant settler a Canadian asset; or a credit to the nation that tricked him into emigrating? What with 'courses' and high-pressure 'selling' it is surely up to Canadians to look into our methods of attracting new population and possibly save some of our reputation.

## CATULLI CARMINA

Here is the record writ

In every part,

Here the glory of it—

Passion and smart:

Rapture and bliss is here

Of first love's pride—

Heart-ache and hopeless tear

Of love denied.

Here is folly and flame,

Canker and rust:

Railing and bitter blame,

Ashes and dust.

Quickly the hand was stayed

And crying stilled.

So was the record made

And woe fulfilled.

E. A. HAVELOCK.





WITH so much talk of a general election in the air it is worth while to recall one or two things that happened in the last election. What the issue was in 1926 is a question about which there would probably still be some difference of opinion; but there would be fairly general agreement that, at any rate, the voting led to a decisive result. Yet an examination of the actual votes cast shows some remarkable figures. In the whole Dominion, out of a total of 3,256,508 votes, Conservative candidates won 1,504,855 and Liberals and Liberal-Progressives together 1,511,708.\* This should have given the two parties practically equal representation in Parliament, but actually the Conservatives elected 91 members and the present government party 125. An innocent bystander, observing this unfairness, might wonder that the Opposition has so meekly accepted it. But, of course, on this occasion the support of U.F.A., Progressive, and Labour members would have assured a Liberal government anyway. And the Conservatives, like all oppositions in such circumstances, can afford to wait patiently until the gods who preside over the single-member-constituency system cast the dice in their favour.

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THE full absurdity of our present system of elections is not realized until the vote is analysed by provinces. It will be recalled that in 1926 the Conservatives swept British Columbia and Nova Scotia and won an overwhelming majority of seats in Ontario. Yet in British Columbia, which returned 12 Conservatives and 2 Liberals, the Conservative vote was only 100,066 as against 72,647 for the Liberals. Nova Scotia had the same representation as British Columbia—12 Conservatives and 2 Liberals; yet 99,581 Nova Scotians voted Liberal as against only 122,965 who voted Conservative. Of Ontario's 82 seats, 53 went Tory and 23 Grit, though the actual voting was 680,742 to 441,254; there should be in the present Parliament at Ottawa, if our electoral institutions were really representative, 46 Tories and 30 Grits from Ontario, a representation which would considerably alter popular opinion as to the political complexion of the senior province. The Ontario provincial elections of last year produced an even more weird result. The Conservative government with 581,868 votes captured 92 seats while its Liberal opponents with 329,248 votes had to be satisfied with only 13 seats.

What the Liberals lost in British Columbia, Nova Scotia, and Ontario they more than made up elsewhere, Quebec sent them 61 members out of her quota of 65. For these 61 Liberals there were cast 516,562 votes; the Conservatives with more than half as many votes—286,824—won only 4 seats. The Quebec representation should be 42 Liberals and 23 Conservatives

—figures which rather upset one's ideas about the political solidarity of the French province.

The most startling results of all occurred on the Prairies. In Manitoba the Liberals cast 36,242 votes and won 4 seats; the Progressives cast 22,092 votes and won 4 seats; the Liberal-Progressives cast 38,379 votes and won 7 seats; Labour cast 17,194 votes and won 2 seats. But the unfortunate Conservatives, who cast 83,100 votes (i.e. more than the Liberals and Liberal-Progressives together) were unable to win a single seat. In the 1925 election, owing to quarrels among Liberals and Progressives, the Conservatives had managed to slip in 7 members, a number which happened to be exactly what they had earned according to the votes cast. To prevent a repetition in 1926 of such an untoward result the Liberals and Progressives, under the vigorous leadership of the *Manitoba Free Press*, closed their ranks; and there are no Conservative members from Manitoba in this Parliament. Curiously enough, the *Free Press* is our chief Canadian supporter of Proportional Representation.

In Saskatchewan the Liberals cast 125,849 votes and won 16 out of the province's 21 seats. The Conservative vote was just over half as large—67,524—but not a single Conservative candidate was elected. The Progressives cast 38,324 votes (i.e. a little more than half as many as the Conservatives) and won 5 seats. Alberta, as we all know, is the preserve of the U.F.A. which captured 11 of the province's 16 seats in 1926. Yet to win those 11 seats the U.F.A. needed only 60,740 votes, while the Liberals to win 3 seats had to poll 38,451 votes, and the Conservatives used up 49,514 votes in electing Mr. Bennett.

The three prairie provinces form a clearly marked geographical, social and economic unit; and we ordinarily think of them as having pretty definite ideas on most political issues, ideas which distinguish them from the other sections of Canada. But in 1926, taking the three provinces as a whole, we find that 200,542 of their citizens voted Liberal and 200,138 voted Conservative. The Liberals elected 23 members and the Conservatives one. A difference of 404 votes made a difference of 22 seats.

\* \* \*

NO WORDS can add to the emphasis with which these figures demonstrate how grossly misrepresentative our present system of elections is. Nor were the 1926 results unusual. The same sort of thing has been happening ever since Confederation. In the good old days of the gerrymander Sir John Macdonald used to help it to happen by rigging the constituencies, and the gerrymander has apparently not altogether disappeared even yet. But the real cause of the phenomenon nowadays is the majority system in single-member constituencies.

If our Canadian parties were coherent organizations with definite policies, such as are the English parties, it might be said that local errors in favour of one party in one part of the country are neutralized by errors in favour of the other party elsewhere. But sectionalism is of the very essence of our politics in Canada. Our national parties are only loose bundles of sectional groups held together by a common name and a common desire for the sweets of office. An Ontario Tory has not necessarily the same outlook

\* The figures used in this article, except those for the provincial Ontario election of 1929, are taken from the Proportional Representation Review of October, 1927.

on public affairs as has a Prairie Tory; and a Prairie Liberal has almost certainly a different outlook from that of a Quebec Liberal. Obviously the Conservative party at Ottawa today would not be so hopelessly the tool of the manufacturing interests if there were a few more Prairie representatives in it to present the consumer's point of view. Obviously the Liberal party would not be so hopelessly the tool of French Quebec if the solid Quebec were broken up and the Quebec delegation no longer formed the chief component of the Liberal caucus.

Moreover, the present system exaggerates the sectionalism which is a sufficiently serious problem with us at all times. We have all been worried since the War by the cleavage between East and West; and the bad feeling between French and English appears to be growing worse. But much of the difficulty which arises from this situation is due to the fact that we all have in our minds the picture of a solid Liberal French Quebec, a solid Tory Ontario, a solid radical West. This dangerous sectional solidity would, to some extent at least, dissolve, had we an electoral system which sent members to Ottawa in proportion to the votes actually cast in the different sections.

Inevitably also the present system, which hands over each section to the domination of the strongest group within it, tends to lower the quality of our Canadian public life. It is notorious that the two groups of politicians at Ottawa who are in least esteem are the Toronto Orangemen and the Quebec Liberals. The reason is that for many years now there has been no real competition in the elections in those two parts of the country. With the single-member constituency

the minority has no chance. Liberals in Toronto no longer run with the hope of being elected but merely with the hope of distributing the local patronage if their party is successful at Ottawa. With a system of Proportional Representation in which the minority had a real chance of electing some of its candidates the mere fact of competition would make the ward-politician type slightly less prominent in the Toronto landscape; and an optimist might even look forward to the day when Toronto would cease to be the laughing-stock in national politics which it has been for the last generation.

\* \* \*

**B**UT what can we do about it? Nothing is more certain than that the 1930 or 1931 election will produce the same grotesque perversion of public opinion in the different provinces as was produced in 1926. Nothing is more certain than that the practical politicians will do nothing to remedy the situation until their hand is forced. Unfortunately it always happens that the party which has benefitted most recently by the inequalities of our present single-member constituency system is the party which is in power. If politicians were philosophers the government would realize that the system is bound sooner or later to work against it also. But politicians are chiefly engaged in making hay while the sun shines and have little time for philosophy. As for those of us who are merely voters, we of course would not tolerate the existing condition if we took our voting seriously. But even if we were serious, we are probably too stupid to understand the intricacies of P.R.

F. H. U.

## IN DEFENCE OF STOCKBROKERS

BY F. P. LITCHFIELD-SPEER

**D**URING the last few weeks the daily press of Canada has been exclaiming in its headlines with exuberant verbosity the wickedness of stockbrokers. Stockbrokers have been portrayed as a sort of chimera, symbolic of all that is evil. Unfortunately, no distinction has been drawn between bona-fide stockbrokers, as exemplified by members of such reliable and old-established institutions as the Montreal and Toronto Stock Exchanges, and mining brokers with affiliations to such unreliable and doubtful exchanges as most of our mining markets have recently proved themselves to be. The writer holds no brief for those whose dishonesty and perfidious ways are now finding them out; he hopes, as do all good Canadians who feel that a slur has been cast on the financial and moral standing of their country, that they will receive their just reward at the hands of the law. But he wishes to emphasize that there is absolutely no case against any stockbrokers who have membership on either of the two stock exchanges already referred to. Because the mining brokerage business has fallen into such disrepute, there is no reason for a lack of public confidence in stockbrokers. Rather should the public have increased confidence, for the Montreal and Toronto Stock Exchanges have recently weathered successfully the greatest hurricane that has ever swept the financial waters of Canada, with the

failure of but one member between them, and that, incidentally, a perfectly honest failure. Moreover, the constitutions of these two premier Canadian exchanges and the integrity and repute of those who are privileged to form their governing committees are such that the very slightest suspicion of underhand dealing by a member would result in instant suspension.

This regrettable failure by the press to differentiate between the genuine stockbroker and his nefarious cousin, the promoter and bucket-er of nebulous mining issues, is due probably as much to thoughtlessness as to ignorance. Unfortunately, it is a thoughtlessness fraught with dire results for Canada, and the sooner this is realized the better. Apart from creating a mistrust in the minds of the Canadian public of all stockbrokers, which, as has been pointed out above, is quite unjust, a similar lack of faith will be created abroad, particularly in England. In England the mining broker does not exist for the very good reason that there are no mines other than coal, iron ore, and tin, and therefore it is all the more unlikely that the prospective English purchaser of Canadian securities will read between the lines and differentiate for himself. It is altogether probable that considerable harm has been done in this way already; if it continues a serious curtailment of the flow of British capital to Canada may result. There is far too little British

capital in Canada now, but of late there has been a definite increase in the number of inquiries for Canadian securities emanating from 'the other side'. Anything that is in any way likely to check this tendency should be nipped in the bud.

An interesting, if somewhat debatable article entitled, 'Salaries for Stockbrokers' appeared in the March issue of THE CANADIAN FORUM in which the author, Mr. J. H. Iliffe, advocated the nationalization of stockbroking in Canada. Of all the opinions that have been voiced, and they are legion, concerning what should and what should not be done in present circumstances resulting from the round-up of our friends the mining brokers, this is at once the most startling, the most original, and certainly the most impractical. Imagine, if you can, the purchase and sale of all Canadian securities being transacted by salaried government officials. The first result would be a lack of marketability of corporation equities. The salaried official would have no interest in maintaining a ready market for securities. He would be paid to execute the public's orders, and he would have no incentive to execute them better than anyone else, for he would have no clientele to build up and to maintain on the basis of satisfactory service. It is difficult to conceive to what depths of inefficiency the brokerage business might fall if competition were removed from it. One of the three fundamental questions which a prospective purchaser of a security must ask himself is, 'Is this security readily marketable at all times?' If the answer is in the negative, very few investors will purchase, for if the marketability of a security is such that the holder cannot realize on it in a hurry at a fair price it is obviously unsuitable for nine needs out of ten, which undoubtedly would be the case if the nationalization of Canadian stockbroking was ever effective. This would result in increased difficulty in

corporation financing and would seriously hinder the onward march of industry.

By far the most interesting part of the article referred to was its questioning of the economic, as opposed to the moral, good of the stockbroker. A stockbroker himself, the present writer has often pondered as to the exact worth to the modern community of those of his calling. Of course, the free interchange of securities is essential to any industrialized country, and as the provider of facilities for this economic function the stockbroker justifies his existence. But what proportion of the shares which the stockbroker buys and sells for his clients is genuine investment, and what pure gambling? At least seventy-five per cent of the average stockbroker's business is on a marginal basis whereby a portion of the purchase price of securities is borrowed by the broker from his bank on behalf of the client. As such this is, if not actual gambling, at least speculation. Gambling fulfils no economic good and speculation only to a limited extent. Speculation is necessary in certain phases. For instance, the great mineral and oil developments of the Continent are the direct result of speculation, for in their initial stages of discovery and development all successful mines and wells have to receive the financial backing of speculators. But speculation to the nation-wide extent that it is carried on by the stock exchanges of Canada and the United States is economically unsound and even dangerous, as was very clearly shown in the recent stock-market panic. It therefore follows that a large part of the stockbroker's work, and consequently the work of his employees, is fulfilling no economic worth, and that he and his employees are proportionately economic parasites on the community. The fault of this, however, lies not with the stockbroker, but with the original source of over-speculation—the public.

## CONTEMPORARY CRUSADES

BY J. F. WHITE

IT is hardly possible to take a realistic view of world politics in the post-war period if we neglect to bring into the picture the intensification of the age-old struggle between church and state. During the middle ages organized religion was frequently able to claim some share of temporal power, and at the same time maintain a certain degree of aloofness and a critical attitude towards the political systems of the time. With the acceleration in the development of an intensive nationalism during the last century, the church became more and more an integral part of the state apparatus, with the result that organized religion, like the police force, the judiciary, and the armed forces of the state, came to be recognized as one of the main props of existing order. Professor H. J. Laski says in this connection; 'if the many are necessarily to be subordinate to the few, it is not improbable that organized religion alone has the authority over men's minds adequate to make them accept their lot.'

As it was extremely difficult to separate the ultimate truths of revealed religion from certain considerations of practical politics, this led to some curious contradictions. In one nation the Divine Power was represented as being favourably impressed by the autocratic

rule of a Czar and his advisors, in another He preferred a limited monarchy, and at other times He gave his moral support to a republic, a dictatorship, dyarchy, or any other form of government that seemed to be reasonably stable. An overwhelming majority of the priests and ministers of various faiths in all countries made it clear to their congregations that God looks with disfavour on any attempt to overthrow constituted authority, no matter what form that authority may take. This state of affairs reached its climax during the world war, when the Kingdom of God on Earth was split into two warring camps, with an indivisible and omnipotent Almighty simultaneously backing both sides. Following the war there was inevitable disillusion, a revolutionary spirit developed among the masses, and an attitude of scepticism spread swiftly among those few who are addicted to independent thinking. In every country a certain amount of this sceptical thought sifted down to the general public, and it may be said that today humanity as a whole is engaged in a re-valuation of its political practice and religious belief. It would seem that those higher officials of the churches, who deal with the mundane relationships of their respective institutions,



have been slightly obtuse in the past; in that they did not seem to realize that such benefits as would accrue to the church during periods of political stability, by virtue of its organic attachment to the framework of the state, might be outweighed by the disadvantages that could reasonably be expected during times of unrest and revolution. So close were the bonds between church and state in Russia that when the government was overthrown the Orthodox Church automatically crashed with it; the same thing has recently occurred in Mexico and Turkey, and to a lesser degree in Italy and other countries. When it comes to playing with practical politics the churches seem to have displayed no more prescience than ordinary unilluminated secular institutions.

This spiritual unrest has, perhaps, touched North America more lightly than any other part of the world. Superficially, at least, the political and religious institutions of Canada and the United States have emerged unshaken from the critical assaults of the last decade. But even in this fortunate continent there are indications that our theological and political orthodoxies will be obliged to stir themselves if they are to justify their existence.

In *The Twilight of Christianity*,\* Professor Harry Elmer Barnes has made a comprehensive survey of organized religion, as it exists today in the United States, and his conclusion is that theological orthodoxy is the greatest obstacle facing those who are searching for the 'good life'. In respect to supernaturalism Professor Barnes is quite frankly agnostic, and he states his position clearly and without any hesitation or qualification. He says:—

It is the thesis of the writer that the orthodox religious complex is, in its multifarious ramifications, the most active and pervasive menace to civilization which confronts mankind today, compared to which war and poverty are unimportant incidental details. While making himself thus clear and definite in regard to his attitude towards orthodoxy, the writer has already pointed out his non-hostility to a modernized secular and humanistic religion.

As a social reformer he finds his way blocked at every turn by dogmatic orthodoxy. The religious theory of the freedom of choice of each individual governs all criminal procedure, and leads to a punitive philosophy which is entirely at variance with the findings of modern psychology and criminology. In matters of sex, the church is mainly responsible for preventing the circulation of information in respect to birth control among adults, and it has placed an effective taboo on the distribution of any adequate sex information to children. Also, in matters of general information, 'children are taught to accept statements on authority and a sceptical and inquiring outlook is discouraged'. Not only do the churches insist that their commandments shall be obeyed and their inhibitions observed by their own followers and communicants, but they are able to influence legislation so that these restrictions are enforced upon the whole community. 'Indeed, it may be doubted whether the Catholic Church ever exerted a greater control over the politics of a leading medieval Catholic state than is exercised over American politics today by the Methodist Episcopal Church

and its evangelical allies'. To a large extent the intolerance and superstition of the orthodox churches is due to their firm belief in the divine inspiration of the Bible, and their consequent attempt to apply to modern problems the primitive ideas of a pastoral Hebrew tribe. Even where these concepts have been modernized, religious faith is not a reliable guide to sound behaviour:—

Rarely indeed has religion at any given time appropriated the most up-to-date and defensible forms of human knowledge and wisdom. In short, what has passed for divine wisdom is seldom, if ever, abreast of the best available human knowledge.

There is little or no doubt that man can successfully deal with the impending necessity of facing experience and reality without any conviction that he possesses a cosmic guide or companion. The more rapidly he effects this emancipation the more immediately and more certainly will he be able to cope with his mundane problems in a sane, direct, and rational fashion.

Professor Barnes does not wish to abolish religion. He would merely discard the conventional beliefs in God and the Devil, Heaven and Hell, the divine inspiration of the Bible, immortality of the soul, and the ethic of Christ, and would substitute a religion based on science and humanist idealism. He believes that the ethics of our modern philosophers—Bertrand Russell, John Dewey, Havelock Ellis, and Kirby Page—are immeasurably superior to those of the biblical prophets. He agrees that the new Humanism may not be 'religion' at all, if we accept the usual definitions, and he justifies the continued use of the expression on purely pragmatic grounds. 'The chief thing to be said in defence of retaining the term religion is that it may make the transition from supernaturalism to secularism somewhat easier and more acceptable.'

One section of *The Twilight of Christianity*, under the heading of 'The Faith of Our Fathers' deals with the beliefs of the Fundamentalists. If it should be thought that there is any exaggeration here, it is useful to turn to *Atheism or Christ*, by Mrs. Maud Howe, and we are forced to the conclusion that Professor Barnes has been almost reticent in the use of his material. The Canadian Christian Crusade has been formed to fight the insidious propaganda of the 4 A's—The American Association for the Advancement of Atheism—and their allies the Agnostics, Liberal Thinkers, Radicals, Evolutionists, Summer Camps, Youth Movements, and University Professors. We are informed that; 'The Atheists have a 'pin' and a 'flag', and are securing members in every City in the Dominion throughout the world', and are up to all kinds of devilry. On the principle that you must fight the devil with fire, the 3 C's are to have their pins and badges and buttons, Prayer Bands, and Cottage Meetings, and no doubt, in time, a C.C.C. College Yell. This booklet has the usual emotional qualities of the religious tract, and the only discernible argument running through it is that all education is dangerous. There is a quotation from the 'President of a well-known college' to this effect: 'I am aware that some parents would like their daughters taught so that they would accept only traditional beliefs, but such parents, I believe, MAKE A GREAT MISTAKE IN SENDING THEIR CHILDREN TO COLLEGE.' The book is dedicated to Henry O'Brien K.C., and has a foreword by the Reverend Dyson Hague.

\*THE TWILIGHT OF CHRISTIANITY, by Harry Elmer Barnes (Vanguard Press; pp. xi, 470; \$3.00).

A CHALLENGE ANSWERED—ATHEISM OR CHRIST, by Maud Howe (Canadian Christian Crusade; pp. 89; 50 cents).



## L'IMMIGRANTE

BY MARY LOCKHART LOMER

I SAW her first from the upper deck of one of the larger liners which enter the port of Montreal. She was down on the steerage deck—one of those lower steerage decks, which our recently awakened humanitarian conscience has eliminated—she stood on a box, and thereby added another foot to her already magnificent height, and tried to see Mount Royal. My own pulse throbbed at the thought of seeing it again; but this woman was an alien, and I did not understand until I came to know her better, and to plumb the depths of her marvellous imagination. One of her fellow countrymen, who was returning from a visit to the Ukraine, had told her of Mount Royal.

They were going, it seemed, to one of the prairie provinces. I learned that as I passed their little group in search of a taxi. A very wise looking young man, who had met them at the landing, was arguing with them about it. The harvest was small, he said, and already many were coming back.

As I glanced towards them, she enveloped me in a smile so sudden and so radiant that I could not but stop to speak to her. She shook her head, and the young blonde giant, whom I took to be her brother, said, 'She has no English,—my wife, Olga.'

Olga herself was tall and blonde too, and broad of shoulder, but slim of hip. Her gold hair was folded in two braids about a forehead that would have brought pride to Melos. Remembering that I had once heard that, as linguists, these people of the Ukraine were rivals of the Poles, I asked her if she could speak German, and again she flashed me that smile with 'Ya, wohl', and she asked me if Montreal were a very beautiful city and if I would stay. And because Montreal is, to me, the most beautiful city on this North American continent, I told her what I felt about it, and have never ceased to hold myself responsible for the desert of pain she has since travelled.

It was a year before I found her again. Montreal has grown so big and so wasteful of its human contacts. I was going to see Corrine, my laundry woman, who lives at Pointe St. Charles. I was going to take her a suit-case full of the messy results of a month's camping and see what miracle she would perform with them,—and as I drove through one of the drabest streets,—two parallel rows of small red brick houses, each one exactly like its neighbour, I saw Olga. She was sitting in a cane chair outside one of the doorways, crooning in her soft Ukrainian voice to a fat baby. Standing beside her was a Pole with a flageolet. He put it in its case as I approached, and Nicholas, the husband, appeared in the doorway. He was well dressed in a blue suit and shirt, which made him look like any other young Canadian,—his blond hair was brushed back straight and smooth. He looked at Olga, I thought, deprecatingly—she was still the Ukrainian peasant woman, her figure had grown heavier about the hips, and she tried to shuffle her bare feet into a hiding place under her long unfashionable skirt.

'Nicholas', she said to me, proudly, and in quite understandable English, 'is going to college. In the

autumn,' she nodded sagely, 'he will go to your University.' He shot her an impatient glance from his dark blue eyes. 'It is her idea,' he said. 'Always I have thought,—it would have been better if I had left the Ukraine free,—unmarried. Once I said so,—when I was,—how do you say,—off guard? Since then Olga says, "Never mind, my Nicholas,—you shall become a great man,—not in spite of me, but because of me." It is foolish, is it not?'

I looked from one to the other,—the smile in Olga's eyes was full of peaceful pride. 'Is he not wonderful,' she demanded, holding the baby up for my admiration, 'my small Nicholas?'

As I went to and fro from my classes that winter, I used to see Nicholas becoming more and more a Canadian. Once I saw him skating easily and gracefully on the flooded and frozen tennis courts; and again I saw him, neither easily not gracefully, trying to ski. Then I lost him until the following May. And he was wandering along under the newly-budding trees with a pretty red-headed girl, whom I knew to be also an under graduate. The soft spring air and that early enchanting leafage were doing strange things to my friend Nicholas. A bloom seemed to have come over his fair skin,—his blue eyes glowed. I wished as I passed him that he were the perfectly strange young man he was pretending to be.

The picture of him and of that pretty, little, red-haired undergraduate haunted me for days. Then I went to see Olga. I took her a bunch of English violets because, when I am unhappy, English violets make me cry and then I feel better. But Olga did not cry,—she held them in her hand and looked at them much as a Jersey might look at violets if they thrust their faces up amid the grass she wanted to crop. Then she asked me if I would come in and let her make me a cup of coffee. She put her fingers to her lips to warn me that I must be quiet, and in a cot in the kitchen, I beheld two children asleep. One was very small and new, the other was the fat one-year-old Nicholas. On the backs of the chairs were men's shirts and socks drying. From the window stretched a line full of them. I waved a deprecating hand. 'I know you keep him like a new pin,' I said, 'but tell me, can he wear all those shirts between wash-days?' The wife of the immaculate Nicholas smiled wearily,—and the smile made her beautiful face more sad than it had been before. Before it was bleak. Now it was as if some one had brought a light into a bare, forlorn room. It would have been much better to have left it unlighted. She said, 'Those are the shirts of my boarders. I have table-boarders, nine—ten—twelve. They pay me well for their food and their laundry,—and that money pays the big bills that come from your University,—and your tailors,—and your florists,' she added grimly. And then I knew that Olga Krisinski knew about the red-haired girl.

A gramophone blared its horrid sounds from a house across the court, and she rose and closed the window.

'Is he doing well?' I ventured in the interval, 'your husband?' She nodded, but there was no pride

in the movement. She merely made an affirmation. 'He will be a great man one day. He is already too great for me.' That was all she said,—and I went away distressed and puzzled. Surely there was something I could do. When I went again, I took her some clothes, clothes which were too pretty to give away save in the interests of a great cause. She allowed me to dress her in a summer frock of periwinkle blue and to brush her hair until it shone. Then I placed upon her head a leghorn hat,—one with which I hated to part,—and we put the children in a carriage and took them for a drive over to where the St. Lawrence washes Verdun's unbeautiful shore. She laughed a little as we pushed along, chatting about this and that, but all the radiance was gone.

And then one evening Nicholas came to me. He said, 'It's no good your meddling,—this is my affair, and Hattie's,—and Olga's. You stay out,—and don't worry about us. Everything will be all right.'

I cried out that I was glad, that that was all I wanted to hear him say, and that I hoped he would tell Olga as soon as he reached home, for I knew that she was very, very unhappy.

He set his jaw grimly. 'She'll have to be more unhappy,' he said, 'before she is happy again.' Then he mumbled, 'Why couldn't she have kept herself nice,—why need she have driven me away with her sloppy habits? It's not my fault. I don't like feeling a cad.'

I bit my lip. 'But you *are* a cad,' I said, 'after all she has done for you,—gratitude alone—'

'Oh' he interrupted, 'love does not thrive on gratitude,—on the contrary.' Then he said, 'And I am only twenty-two. Why shouldn't I have my chance? Olga is nearly twenty-five.'

He went away then. If he had not done so, I think I would have pushed him out of the door.

It was months before I had the courage to visit Olga again. It was because there was nothing I could do, I told myself,—but I knew in my heart that I was a coward. When I finally pulled myself together, and made her a visit, she was only listlessly glad to see me. She looked older, more like thirty than twenty-five, and some of the brightness had gone out of her hair,—but her face was still very beautiful. She made me some good coffee and broke an egg into it with her strong white hands. I marvelled that they remained so strong and white. The little baby awoke and cried fretfully and she quieted it with great patience and tenderness. Then as I was leaving her, she said with a face still perfectly expressionless, 'Do you know I think that one day I shall kill Nicholas Krisinski.'

I started away, horror-stricken. Then I laid my hand on her wrist. 'I wouldn't,' I said, 'things will change. You wait and see. Life is just beginning.' She laughed, and I wished she wouldn't.

To ease my conscience for not going near her during the next few weeks, I sent her some German books,—light things, chiefly fairy tales,—and when I saw one of my friends who is becoming a great criminal lawyer, I said to him, 'Jah, if a woman kills her husband for no reason at all but because she is heart-broken from neglect and jealousy, what do the laws of our country do?' And he sketched for me the proper legal proceedings. 'I would,' he said, in his

most impressive manner, 'set about to prove her insane, as of course she is.'

'No — no, Jah,' I interrupted.

'Well,' he said, 'that is what I would try to prove, and when I had succeeded,—my friend never admitted the possibility of defeat,—I would have her committed to a place where curative measures for mental diseases are taken, and when she was cured, say in a few months,—a year perhaps,—I would get her released, and hope for a happy ending.' 'With another husband?' I queried. 'With another husband—or none,' he laughed. He did not take my fears very seriously. 'These people who talk of killing do not do it,' he comforted me.

And so I felt free to marry Jah and sail away to Europe with him. And when I came back there was my new apartment, and the furnishing of it, and parties,—and gradually I forgot Olga. I could not solve her problem, so I forgot it.

Then one night I saw her. Jah and I were sipping *crème de menthe* through long straws at one of those little tables, which try to make le Rue St. Denis look like a street in Paris,—and she passed us. She wore a black lace dress, too *decolleté*, and a leghorn hat, which I fancied I remembered, and her cheeks were flushed with something not so beautiful as fever, and her mouth was a scarlet bar. She teetered past us on heels absurdly high, and ogled Jah as she did so.

I cried out as if something had stabbed me. 'Stop her,' I cried, 'stop her, Jah!' But it was I myself who caught her by the shoulder and made her listen to me. 'Olga,' I said, 'Olga Krisinski,—what are you doing? Where are your children?' She looked at Jah as if she were afraid of him. Then she whispered in my ear, 'They are in a home,—my small Nicholas and the little baby. They put them there when I came out of the place where they put me because I had tried to kill Nicholas. I would have killed him, but I had only the bread knife, and it was very dull—.' Her story flowed along monotonously. She seemed to be talking, not for me to hear but for the relief of talking. 'But he was for a long time ill, and they said I was mad, and put me in a place to cure my madness, and they took my children where they would be taken care of better than I can take care of them, for I am not a good mother.'

Some one across the street attracted her attention, and she shrugged herself out of my grasp and darted through the traffic. I stared after Olga Krisinski through a blur of tears and over my heart came a great weariness and sadness that I felt might never lift. For somehow it seemed to me that we,—that Canada had done it,—had taken all the light and laughter from this beautiful stranger, who had trusted us. And I said,—but not aloud, for I too am a little afraid of Jah,—he is so sure, and I am so uncertain of what it is all about,—I said to myself, 'Oh sunny plaits and happy smile of little Ukraine, may the ruthlessness of my country be forgiven!'

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## HEADMASTER'S DRAWING ROOM

Drabber than drab it is,  
Thought the young man who came  
New to a boarding-school,  
There to teach everything  
To the young offspring of  
Those who do nothing or  
Next to or less than it.

Soon he had seen it all,  
All but what lay behind  
One door that led from the  
Seldom-used library:  
It was an arching door,  
Norman he thought it was,  
Paneled and solid and  
Saying 'Don't open me.'

One night in loneliness  
He sought the library,  
And his astonished eyes  
Saw the door open, saw,  
Far in a haze of blue,  
Thin-nosed and haughty a  
Heavily jewelled and  
Palpably noble dame,  
Framed in a golden frame.

Look at my queendom, she  
Said to the timid one,  
Ivory fireplace and  
Opaline flame, and bears  
Cringing, with icy teeth  
Blazing, and opaline  
Eyes. See my vases, my  
Basins of flowers, my  
Golden-traced volumes, my  
Pictures of apple-trees  
Drifting in rosy smoke.  
See my piano there,  
Placed as no other is,  
There may the player shake  
Ten hearts from fingers ten  
Into the ivory lake,  
Rest them on ebon rocks,  
Fearing no vulturous  
Down-swooping glances from  
Critical kill-joys.  
And see my desk, antique,  
Plumed with a purple quill,  
Decked with a Virgin and  
Pampered with candles,  
Preening, unused or used,  
Eloquent always with  
These and its stamp-box  
Of lapis in leather.  
Flowers with decorous  
Wit speak in sofas, and  
Utter my arm-chairs, soft  
Poems to sit on.  
I am the Queen of all,  
Proud and imperious,  
But if your conduct prove

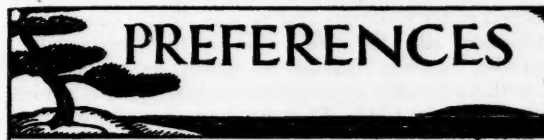
Suitably humble, I  
May some day call you to  
Share in my heaven.

Then the door shut like the  
Mouth of a Norman.

Ah, the young teacher was  
Seven days afterward  
Judged quite incompetent,  
Sent off for ever.

Just as I thought, said the  
Drawing-room Empress, as  
Showing her bluest veins  
Ultramarinely she  
Blended in tastefully  
With her blue background.

ROBERT FINCH.



WE shall never be done with fatalism. I mean that we shall never eradicate in ourselves the curious feeling we have after something has happened that it had to be and that there was no staving it off. We may burn the straw dummy Necessitation a hundred times in the fires of our intelligence, we have only to look back upon the catastrophes of yesterday to raise it again from its ashes and find that we believe in it after all. The most we have done has been to destroy our belief in it for tomorrow and possibly the day after, we have cleared a little space immediately in front of us in which the thing called Free Will can have its chance. Beyond that we cannot go. Whether we believe outright in fatalism or not, we are all fatalists in regard to yesterday, and our Free Will is always a Free Will that is just about to be. It is safe to say that there never was a proponent of Free Will yet who could look back upon the past and *feel* his belief. He could only think it and say it.

It was the death of D. H. Lawrence that set me thinking these thoughts. A man of ardent genius dies at the early age of forty-four. Immediately, the sudden event takes its place in the ghostly structure of the past, interlocks with it, and seems inevitable. 'Why,' we ask ourselves, 'did we not know this beforehand?' If it seems so obvious now, we ought to have foreseen it. We were dull, surely. The intenser the career the more clearly does it assume this shape in retrospect. Because it is ended it seems rounded. It is always so. Whenever life is lived burningly enough to have movement and contour the contour seems complete when once it is terminated, it matters not how abruptly. We can feel this as readily of Keats who died at twenty-four as of Lawrence. Looking back at Lawrence now we can easily persuade ourselves that he had said all he had to say and that his queer life had fulfilled itself. The one consuming thought that



was in him he had said and said again with ever-increasing clarity till in his last novel he said it in such utter nakedness that there was nothing more for him to do. And so he died.

There is no logic in this position. Life is so constituted that we are compelled to apprehend it in this way whether we wish to or not. Fortunately, however, we can apprehend it in other ways too. Not that these ways are at our beck and call and can be turned to at will. We have to let things lie in the mind and change colour according to their own laws. All we know is that the angle has shifted. We go to bed with one cast of thought and we get up with another and a slightly different one. Was Lawrence thwarted after all? Did he fail to do what it was in him to do? This is the next way of looking at him, inevitable like the first and just as perplexing.

Lawrence wrote novels and tracts and prose of many sorts, he wrote verse, he also sketched and painted, and when he was not thus occupied he made things with his hands, things for use and things for play. He touched many mediums and he was clearly dissatisfied with them all. He shows this by the irresponsible, sporadic, careless fashion in which he used them. Was there a really appropriate medium for his genius and did he find it? That he was an extraordinary master of words no one will deny, but was he free to use them as he chose? Here we touch the economic problem. He was not a rich man. There was a sale for novels and practically none for verse. The *Economic History of Literature* which many have asked for remains unwritten and we cannot consult it. And however good it were, it is unlikely that it would ever help us much in determining how far Lawrence chose prose and the novel and how far circumstances chose them for him. We know that Hardy wrote novels against his will and we may be glad of it. Now that he is dead we can see that the best of him lies in those country tales which he was so eager to lay aside in favour of verse.

Hardy's case is clear. But what of Lawrence's? The question may never be answered. Perhaps Lawrence himself could not have answered it. And yet it persists and each reader will have to deal with it in his own way. There is no definitive view of a man of genius, we are all entitled to read him as we choose and to say how we would have had him, fatalism or no fatalism. This was a most extraordinary man, we can all nibble at him. Clearly he was one who had to pour himself out, his genius was a torrent which had no choice but to flow. In this light the looser the medium, the better. Prose, casual and unconfined, was nearest to him and he did right to indulge it to the full.

This, I suspect, is the likely verdict on him and I ought to be satisfied with it. Yet there remains one wish that I cannot put aside. I wish Lawrence had lived to carry his verse-medium to the limit as he carried his prose. Partly because I would rather read verse than prose anyway—this has nothing to do with Lawrence. Also because the most lawless genius is probably the better for a little steadying, Lawrence may have over-written himself. And finally—and this is my real reason—because when I read Lawrence's verse I feel that I know him and the kind of man he really was, which I never feel in the novels. Here

in this more intimate and less popular medium he seems to forget his public and write to suit himself, there is no revolt and no propaganda, but only self-expression. Reading his verses I have no doubt that his genius was metaphysical, not social—this was probably why I had to babble philosophy by way of prelude to him—and that poetry suited him better than fiction. If Lawrence had concentrated upon verse he could have written a cosmic poem somewhere between *Faust* and *Leaves of Grass*, that would have astounded the world. I think of such a passage as this:—

No, now I wish the sunshine would stop,  
and the white shining houses and the gay red flowers  
on the balconies  
and the bluish mountains beyond, would be crushed out  
between two valves of darkness;  
the darkness falling, the darkness rising, with muffled  
sound  
obliterating everything.

I wish that whatever props up the walls of light  
would fall, and darkness would come hurling heavily  
down,  
and it would be thick black dark for ever.  
Not sleep which is grey with dreams,  
nor death, which quivers with birth,  
but heavy sealing darkness, silence, all immovable.

The man who wrote that might have gone a long way further than Lawrence ever went. Beside the immense promise of these and other verses the hectic naturalism of his novels distresses me. I miss the wisdom in them and wish Havelock Ellis would speak his mind about them. Meanwhile I cling to my idea of him as one who might have become a philosopher-poet of the universe. There is nothing that the twentieth century is more in need of than such a poet, and the only man who might have qualified is gone for good.

INCONSTANT READER



## THE NEW WRITERS

WALTER LIPPMANN

DEMOCRACY, as an ideal and as a way of getting things done, has never lacked critics even among its friends. From Aristotle's *Politics* to Mill's essay *On Liberty*, political philosophers have continued to voice their apprehensions of the inherent weaknesses of this particular form of social organization. Mr. Walter Lippmann is carrying on the tradition in our own day. Two of his many readable volumes on political problems centre on just this subject, and while they say over again what has been said before, they present their ideas with a freshness and realism that cannot fail to stimulate the jaded palate which comes from reading too many books on the old familiar topics.

These books are Mr. Lippmann's *Public Opinion* and its sequel *The Phantom Public*. They seem to





SPRING FIELDS  
by Carl Schaefer

have been produced as a result of Mr. Lippmann's own experiences as a publicist in the United States during the war period. His job, one gathers, was to select and distribute news in such manner that the American Citizen at home and in France would carry on under the conviction that he was fighting (or buying Liberty Bonds) to keep the world safe for democracy. In this connection Mr. Lippmann made two profound discoveries: first, that there is no 'public opinion'; second, that it can be made to order by the proper manipulation of those agencies of publicity which form it. The shock administered by these paradoxical discoveries caused him to write two very fine books.

His *Public Opinion* opens with the now famous chapter on 'the world outside and the picture in our heads', which harks straight back to the Allegory of the Cave in the seventh book of Plato's *Republic*. The 'world outside' is an actual situation in society e.g. low wages, political graft, labour unrest, fundamentalism, falling birth rate, etc. The 'picture in our heads' is simply each man's idea of the reality in question. The 'picture' may be true or false, adequate or inadequate, but—and this is the point—the individuals who make up a democracy must of necessity deal with the reality in terms of the picture in their heads. What chance is there, Mr. Lippmann wonders, that wisdom will emerge in connection with any problem in the life of a Great Society, when action is never direct but always by means of 'the picture in our heads'? Especially when there are over a hundred million 'pictures' and only one reality requiring to be dealt with.

Mr. Lippmann elaborates this dilemma very ably. What the picture in our heads may be, depends on anything but the reality itself; depends, for example, on prejudice, on education, on social status, on previous experience, on our own needs, on anything indeed but the actual situation 'out there' requiring to be dealt with. When millions of people, acting on the millions of separate pictures in their heads, vote on tariff, divorce, prohibition, town planning, war, trust laws, labour legislation, what connection has their act with the real problem or situation? On vast issues, involving unknown and unsuspected implications, what relation can be postulated to hold between the 'picture' in the individual citizen's head and the reality he is attempting to deal with? What could the dwellers in Plato's cave know of the world outside?

That is the first point. The second is equally disturbing when one remembers such engines for expressing public opinions as elections, initiatives, referendums, and recalls. It is this; the 'picture' in our heads is placed there, changed, removed, distorted, or generally created and abolished by agencies which can be controlled, for better or worse, by people acting on the pictures in their heads.

What portion of the picture which most citizens carry around in their heads is derived from direct personal experience of the social reality to which it refers? What portion is due to newspapers, teachers, sermons, books, magazines, broadcasting, steering committees, or any other 'picture-forming' agencies? Mr. Lippmann has written a detailed and convincingly realistic analysis of the operation of those factors which create 'public opinion'. His book ends with a

plea and a doubt, a plea for the creation and maintenance of an impartial, expert, and sane control over these picture-forming forces; a doubt—it anticipates his next book—that any satisfactory solution will ever emerge.

The discovery of the 'picture in our heads' and its dubious relation to the world 'outside' has made Mr. Lippmann sceptical of public opinion as the source of light and power in controlling the destinies of a modern nation-state. *The Phantom Public* forms the logical sequence to the disillusionment of the *Public Opinion*. The title tells the story. There is no public. It is a phantom, a political 'myth', (to use Sorel's term) a mass of separate atoms harbouring each its picture of reality. Accordingly, the jurisdiction of 'public opinion' should be rigorously defined. Executive action is not its business. Complicated social policies should not be submitted to it. Whatever needs expert training and knowledge is not for it. After Mr. Lippmann has pulverized 'Public Opinion' into a shifting sea of separate 'pictures', he leaves it the right to pass a yes or no judgment on very broad and human questions. The more he works over the problems of a modern Great Society, the nearer he comes to the controlling ideas in Plato's *Republic*. The many are politically blind and must consent to be led by the clear-eyed few. When situations emerge which call for that broad common-sense not usually associated with experts and specialists, the ways and means should exist for finding out what 'the public' wants. Beyond this Mr. Lippmann does not incline to go.

The interesting feature of these volumes, and in this they are characteristic of all that Mr. Lippmann writes, is the faith he seems to retain in democracy as the only tolerable form of social control. But it is a pruned and tempered faith; one which has passed through the purifying fires of experiencing the mechanisms of control from within. The thoughts which men put into their books under such conditions are that precious life-blood of which Milton wrote. They are not long books, *The Phantom Public* is no longer than Rousseau's *Contrat*. But they reveal the grasp which holds life steady and the mind which sees it whole. Despite their size, the power and realism with which they are written leads one to believe that our modern political problems only require the artist's touch to redeem them from the unenlightening tables and graphs of blue-books and reports, to make them that food for the mind which Greek thinkers found in their problems.

ALBUREY CASTELL

## TOKENS

Ah well, I gave a rose:  
How quickly it would fade  
I should have known.  
More wise I would have been  
Out of my field to give  
Earth, or a stone—  
More wise, to let you keep  
For gazing on  
An upturned stone.

DOROTHY LIVESAY.

## COMMENTS ON ART

## BEHIND CANADIAN ART

CANADIAN ART, although still in its evolutionary stage, has of late been taken for granted and discussed widely, both here and abroad, whenever opportunities have presented themselves. It has been called a national art. It has been referred to as presenting the starkness of the arctic or semi-arctic. It has been spoken of as vigorous, free, and stimulating. Of it has been said that it always contains a fine decorative element and meaningful patterns. Certain artists stand out as leaders, and their work has been commented upon from every available viewpoint. Yet, when all has been said about Canadian art, when it has been given full consideration from the standpoint of its aesthetic weight, there remains to be brought into question its very background and the source of its inspiration.

No art can be intelligibly interpreted unless the people who created it are analysed as human beings and something of their character and outlook has been observed and understood. What is art if not, as John Galsworthy once stated, 'the perfected expression of self in contact with the world.' Coming to elements and agreeing again with Galsworthy who claims that: 'art is that imaginative expression of human energy'—and may I add, of a human complex—'which through technical concretion of feeling and perception, tends to reconcile the individual with the universal, by exciting in him impersonal emotion', let us turn to what might be called the Canadian complex, with all that this implies.

Whether hundred-per-cent Canadians like to acknowledge it or not, English-speaking Canadians (who so far have contributed the only recognized art expression in the Dominion) have inherited much of the viewpoint and many of the traits of their English ancestors, with the result that their Canadianism is more the product of an immediate environment than that of a long blood or spirit habit. Because Canada is a country of new settlers much more concerned with problems of a physical nature than with highly intellectual considerations, involved sentimental complications, or spiritual notions that are vitally stirring, Canadian artists have so far escaped the atmosphere of over-sophistication which prevails in many other centers. Social and psychological entanglements have not entered into their scheme of life as a whole. Unlike people of Latin origin, who are ever craving for self-expression, Canadians have inherited with their Anglo-Saxon temperament a reticent attitude, almost a fear to express their innermost feelings. Rigid of mind and heart, however fresh and spontaneous they may be in certain phases of their art expression, they do not unbend easily, and the boldness which some of them are likely to display is rarely the outburst of a temperament anxious to shake its fetters. It is more generally a sort of pedagogical manifesto.

The only factor to which the Canadian artist is likely to respond without being over self-conscious is nature, and since nature is so essentially provocative and powerful in this Northern part of the Americas, the impulse received by Canadian art is very vital and impressively pure. Landscape painting is not only the



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TAKE DUNDAS CAR



most natural form of art expression in Canada, it is also, in its class, a real contribution to the art of the world.

Figure composition is in its infancy yet. The human figure is still treated, in the majority of cases, either in a very ethereal way, or it is painted like a tree or a mountain, with a good understanding of form and design but without emotion. Only in the very recent work by some of the younger artists exhibiting with the fifty-eighth annual show of the Ontario Society of Artists, and in the late compositions by Edwin Holgate of Montreal, do we begin to discover these subtle elements which, in figure work, make for universal appeal and greatness.

In the field of portraiture, Canadian painters, as a whole, have not gone much further than the Royal English Academy prize paintings. Among those who have abandoned the academic traditions some treat their sitters like a still life and work on it as an architect would, when building a house or a monument; others are trying to find a compromise between decoration and pure painting, and consider their sitter as incidental to the composition. The few who are farther advanced and are struggling their way out of the impasse of academism and decoration are placing an overemphasis on their effort, yet the manner in which they work leaves no doubt as to the ultimate success of their venture. Charles Comfort and Pegi Nichol among the younger ones, are the most important of those artists.

Abstractionism is not a natural form of art expression in Canada. How could it be when we know so well that it infers a very sophisticated background and a no less sophisticated artist to conceive of this form of art expression. What of the abstractions by Lawren Harris, will you ask?—Well they are not abstractions, they are the intermediary phase through which all art passes between its naturalistic expression before arriving at pure abstraction. So far as Canadian art is concerned it may never come to pure abstraction, and in fact why should it; it is not in keeping with the traditions of the country, the temperament of its people, or its general outlook.

So, as we behold the impressive coming into being of Canadian art and try to penetrate its very soul, we again feel that however different its inspiration may be it is, like all arts, the supreme language, the finest and most significant achievement of a people. The attempts of Canadian youth, in the field of art, however incomplete they are, take on weight and dignity, under this light, and we cannot pass by it and ignore it.

JEHANNE BIETRY SALINGER.

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## RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT

LORD DURHAM, A Biography of John George Lambton, First Earl of Durham. By Chester W. New (Oxford University Press; pp. xiv, 612; \$6.50).

FOR three-quarters of a century now Durham's name has escaped many of the vicissitudes of a great reputation. During his own day the vicissitudes were not only violent but tragic. When he died there was scarcely a ray of light upon the horizon. Sir George Arthur regarded the great *Report* as 'the worst evil that has yet befallen Upper Canada'. The cardinal principles of 'responsible government' were pointedly disavowed by Lord John Russell in the House of Commons, by Melbourne himself in the House of Lords, and by both Stanley and Gladstone in the administration of Sir Robert Peel. But on the morrow of Durham's death Charles Buller prophesied to his daughter that his great doctrines would 'henceforth amid all the chances of party politics and passing events make good their sure and steady way.' Durham's vindication, as he himself had foretold, came in British America. Twelve years after his death, his son-in-law, Lord Elgin, could write to his brother-in-law, Lord Grey, then Colonial Secretary,



that the thing was done. From that time Durham's name has been revered in British America with a veneration so unquestioning as to be almost unreal and unhistorical; and it would now seem as though his great reputation were coming to rest in Canadian history—thanks to Professor New's biography—without running the gauntlet of devastating criticism from the 'new biography' of another school.

Few careers would offer a more glaring target to an iconoclast. Durham never lacked admirers afar off and beneath him in rank; but the subtle compromises and accommodations of parliamentary life were utterly beyond him. Great abilities, subject to extremes of diffidence and assertiveness, were united with a temper singularly without humour. Met by a ripple of innocent laughter in the House of Lords, Durham once leaped to his feet and challenged his assembled peers to avow their guilty mirth. Gently reproached by Lady Durham for unintentional rudeness to her at table, he once summoned the whole household of astonished servants into the room and informed them, with an apology to Lady Durham, that she was 'always right'. The captain of a Canadian river-boat was once dumbfounded by his petulance and lack of humour. Charles Buller and Gibbon Wakefield, exasperated beyond endurance by his 'morbid state of feeling' in Canada, once drafted a joint letter to him with all the solicitude of a nurse for a spoilt child. Melbourne could be a 'shabby fellow', but his sardonic temper was probably correct in fearing Durham not at all. The truth was that Durham lacked—consciously—the qualities which made Lord John Russell and Gladstone the leaders of a 'parliamentary country'. Even the *Report* which has now been sacrosanct for seventy-five years might not prove invulnerable to the iconoclast. Of its three or four major recommendations, that relating to crown lands was still-born. Durham's dominant motive for the Union was completely belied by the results. Even his apostolic advocacy of responsible government, written with Baldwin's now famous memorandum before him, was based upon the British analogy rather than upon a sound historical analysis of Canadian conditions; while his prophecy with regard to the French race in Canada was one of the most egregious miscalculations in Canadian history—a prophecy which the whole French race in Canada resolutely set itself to falsify.

But Professor New has fortunately forestalled the iconoclasts, for while most of these infirmities are to be found, usually without extenuation, in his pages, he bestows upon Durham the most discerning praise he has ever received. Durham's work for the great *Reform Bill* is explored, for the first time, in its British setting. He supplied 'the insight and the driving power', he 'ushered in the middle class', he saw the new day and welcomed it. His exploits too in diplomacy, in dispelling the Russian menace and in establishing the independent Kingdom of Belgium, are examined not as a foot-note to Canadian history but in their European context. Durham's associations in British politics, his quarrel with Brougham, the mission to Canada, his selfless magnanimity after his 'betrayal' by the Melbourne Whigs, are traced not only in their context but with it; for the evidence itself is supplied in such detail that the actors are



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able, as the author intended, to 'speak and act for themselves'. Luxuriating through more than 600 pages of beautiful print upon a cherished theme, Professor New has written a standard biography of one of the great figures of the British Commonwealth.

Canadians will be interested chiefly in the part which Durham played in the achievement of responsible government. Was he the first to project this 'world-shaking' principle? Did he commend it with all its implications in its final form? Was it Durham's advocacy which brought it to pass? 'There is not the slightest evidence', says Professor New, 'that he went to Canada with these ideas in his mind.' Even in August, 1838, after the interview with the Baldwins in Toronto and no doubt a perusal of Hincks's *Examiner* with its bold legend of 'Responsible Government', he had not yet decided upon 'the great solution'. It was a copy of Baldwin's memorandum to Glenelg in 1836 enclosed in a still more urgent plea to Durham himself in 1838 that carried conviction. Responsible government was thus 'in its conception a Canadian idea.' But without Durham's advocacy, adds Professor New, 'the voice of Baldwin would have been lost in the Canadian wilderness', and thus in effect it was Durham who was to 'lead the way to a new Empire'.

It is at this point, however, that Canadian students may be tempted to lodge a *caveat*. Is it true that the understanding of responsible government before Durham's *Report* was confined to as narrow a circle as the two Baldwins and Francis Hincks in the *Examiner*? Did not Charles Fairbanks' memorandum from Nova Scotia as early as 1830 forecast 'the same principles on which the Government is conducted at home', and were not these principles advocated by Fairbanks in the Assembly in 1834 and by Howe upon the hustings in 1836? Did not the New Brunswick delegation to Downing Street in 1836 understand the game well enough to earn Glenelg's own commendation for their 'just delicacy' in waiving the issue in view of the *impasse* in the Canadas? Was not the Executive Council of New Brunswick actually changed in 1837 to command the 'entire confidence' of the Assembly, and was the act not again disavowed as a regular procedure 'at all times' in order to dissociate the House from the radical views of a 'neighbouring province'? Many of the Reformers no doubt preferred elective Councils, and the desire to present a united front may well have accounted for many a vague definition of 'responsibility', but even Glenelg recognized that Howe's alternative suggestion for an elective Legislative Council made in the famous Address to the Crown in 1837 was made 'rather with the view of the possible compromise' upon the British model. Then too was responsible government won by the blast of Durham's advocacy or by the gruelling impact of political parties in Nova Scotia and in Canada upon the old colonial system in the hands of British ministers who for seven long years were deaf alike to Durham's *Report*, to Howe's *Four Letters*, and to Buller's *Responsible Government for Colonies*? Was it the sevenfold blast of the trumpets that brought down the walls of Jericho or was it when 'the people shouted with a great shout'?

Such challenges to further research however are usually to be found in casual *obiter dicta* rather than

in the author's reasoned conclusions. The history of Canada stands in dire need of many a volume of research like this, and Professor New's biography of Durham will be an inspiration to his fellow-workers in that field.

CHESTER MARTIN.

### OUR CIVIL SERVICE

THE CIVIL SERVICE OF CANADA, by Robert MacGregor Dawson (Toronto, Oxford University Press; pp. 266; \$5.00).

IT IS to be hoped that the momentary interest which the public seems to be showing in the Beatty Report on Civil Service salaries will lead some inquiring citizens to a study of this excellent book. We have seen in our time a continuous extension of the functions of government; and it becomes every day more clear that most of the questions about government regulation and government ownership depend ultimately on the quality of the Civil Service. Failing some unpredictable revolution in the technique of democratic party politics we are not likely to produce in any near future a much better grade of politician than we have at present. Our chief hope lies in the permanent officials with which our public services are staffed.

Mr. Dawson's book gives a history of the development of our Canadian Civil Service and a discussion of the principles on which it is and on which it should be organized. The main theme of the history is the extreme slowness with which the Service was rescued from party politics. From Confederation to 1882 the spoils system was almost completely dominant. An examining board of Heads of Departments had been set up in 1868 but it examined candidates only after they had been appointed and only when they saw fit to present themselves for examination. In 1875 none appeared and in 1876 only one. The 1882 Act set up a Board of three Commissioners, but they held office only at pleasure and conducted only qualifying examinations for appointment, not the competitive examinations of the reformed English system. They did hold regular examinations now, but these were only of the standard of high-school entrance. Yet in 1899 the Board congratulated itself on acting 'as a factor in stimulating the educational progress of the country'. Not till 1905 was it courageous enough to brave the politicians by suggesting that the standard of entrance should be raised. No wonder that Mr. Dawson begins each of his chapters with a quotation from Gilbert and Sullivan.

The first effective reform came in 1908. Two independent Commissioners were appointed, removable only on Address of the two Houses, and they were given control of the entrance into the inside Service at Ottawa. Ten years later the Union government of 1918 extended the reform to the outside Service. The worst evils of patronage have been gradually eliminated, although the Customs scandal of 1926 cast a lurid light on the difference between the theory of the reforming Acts and the practice. But in 1919 the principle of a horizontal division into grades, which is the basis of the English Civil Service organization, and which was being adopted in Canada, was dropped; and a vertical division into some 2000 different classifications was substituted. Mr. Dawson thinks that this

was a great mistake and he appears to prove his case thoroughly in the second part of his book.

There is only one serious criticism to be made of Mr. Dawson's admirably clear discussion of these and other points involved in the Civil Service organization. Throughout his book he refers constantly to English practices and standards, and he quotes frequently from English reports. But he has apparently made no such study of the American system. Near the beginning of his book he gives an account of the American spoils system in the bad old days, but he tells us little about the modern American Service. Yet the literature of American political science teems with discussions and monographs on the problems of governmental administrative organization; and, since it appears to be the American organization that we have copied rather than the English, one wonders whether a more thorough study of the system as it operates in the United States would not have made the book more valuable. As far as one can gather from Mr. Dawson's book the change in 1919 must have come about solely through the congenital cussedness of some undiscovered authorities at Ottawa acting in a fit of absence of mind. But may there not be something in the social, economic, and educational conditions on this continent other than mere cussedness which accounts for our persistent failure to follow the English model and our annoying habit of going to Chicago experts for advice? The English class division in the Civil Service happens to fit in with a class division in English society. Perhaps our Canadian Civil Service is only another example of how

little there is in our country that is British and how much there is that is American.

FRANK H. UNDERHILL.

### A HISTORY OF EMIGRATION

EMIGRATION FROM THE BRITISH ISLES, by W. A. Carrothers (P. S. King-Irwin & Gordon; pp. ix, 328; 15/-).

THIS book is the best among several recent books on this all-important subject. It covers much the same ground as S. C. Johnson's *History of Emigration from the United Kingdom to North America, 1763-1912*, but in addition it has useful chapters on Australia and, being written by an Edinburgh man who is now a professor in the Canadian West, it brings into deserved prominence the attitude and difficulties of the receiving countries. It moves insensibly, as the problem itself does, from a history of emigration to a history of immigration.

Two criticisms must be made. (1) The Australian field and Wakefield's contribution thereto have been so fully worked by Australian students that it would have been economical of space to start from their findings, and agree or disagree. One is tired of reading of Wakefield's *Theory and Practice* in almost the same language in book after book. Mr. S. H. Roberts' *History of Australian Land Settlement*, and Mr. W. J. Harrop's *Amazing Career of Edward Gibbon Wakefield*, may be cited. Personally, I think Wakefield greatly overrated and fundamentally wrong. (2) When the author moves to the edge of his field, to poor law, hand-loom weavers, and Ireland, he writes



### Bystander

By Maxim Gorki

The Literary Guild book for April. Since the beginning of the Revolution, Gorki has been working with ferocious eagerness on this immense novel. It is a portrayal of Russian life from the assassination of Alexander II. to the massacre at the coronation of the last Czar. All is seen through the eyes of the heir, first as a child, then as an adolescent and finally as a young man. "Masterly description of people and events." Translated by Bernard Gilbert Guernsey. \$3.00.



### Gallows' Orchard

By Claire Spencer

The American Book-of-the-Month selection for April. A grim story, this, as grim and unrelenting as is its background—A stern Scottish village. The style of narrative is very simple and graceful; but not so the characterization—it is interpretive and thoughtful and it gives the story a gripping sense of reality.

The story is of a girl whose fearlessness and honesty bring her the hatred of the villagers; it brings her bitter pain, and it brings her love, but nothing, no amount of suffering, no degree of happiness could save her from the vindictive hate of the village. \$2.50.

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too dogmatically. Thus, large numbers of Irish emigrated to England and 'crushed out the English workman, who consequently became a burden on the parish'. The process was not so simple. The Irish competed with native weavers in Lancashire and Scotland, but not with the factory workers in Lancashire with any success, nor, except as harvesters, with the rural labourers of the South. 1815 to 1830 was not a period of reaction as suggested. For in it occurred the liberating reforms of Huskisson in the fields of tariff and labour combination. One is pleased to note the reference to Malthus' evidence of 1837, but the author's summary of the poor-law situation, 1782 to 1834, is very close to the dogmatism of the Report of 1834 itself. Mr. Carrothers speaks of the 'era of the displacement of labour due to the introduction of machinery in industry', as having passed away by 1850. Rather he should say, the era of dramatic displacement in England's premier manufacture had so passed. Again: 'British agriculture would likely have survived these disabilities (of weather), had it not been for the competition of the American West.' But it did survive them, as Ontario also did, by transference to dairying and kindred productions.

But the author has done two big things. First, he has written a fascinating, coherent narrative of emigration, 1780-1850, in Chapters 3, 4, 7, 8, 9, and 10; and though he is sometimes covering the same ground as Miss H. I. Cowan in her *British Emigration to British North America*, 1783-1837, yet there is no sense of repetition, so rich is the material and so suggestive is Professor Carrothers. Especially must we commend his documentation. He virtually orders a serious student to read R. K. Gordon, *John Galt*; Margaret Leigh, *Crofter Problem* (*Scottish Journal of Agriculture*, 1928); the Emigration Committee of 1841 on Islands and Highlands of Scotland; the Devon Commission of 1845 in Irish land.

But Canadians will be even more grateful for his masterly survey of the last 75 years. It is well proportioned and abounds in the correct emphasis, possible only to one who has studied immigration as well as emigration. In a subsequent edition the author should either omit, or quote official authority for, the statement on page 301 that 'if the British worker had to pay full insurance rates for the protection provided by the State, it would cost him £1, 10s a week'. Again, where were the Crofter Settlements in Western Canada (p. 229)? Do they flourish today? Professor Carrothers, being in the West, might go through all his references to colonization successes out there and indicate in a footnote how things are now. Every Canadian Library should possess this book, which, incidentally, would make an admirable text for a special subject.

C. R. FAY.

### THE ROOSEVELT AND THE ANTINOE

THE ROOSEVELT AND THE ANTINOE, by E. J. Pratt (MacMillans in Canada; pp. 44; \$1.50).

MR. PRATT has written a narrative poem on the rescue of the crew of the British freighter *Antinoe* by the American liner *Roosevelt* (Captain Fried) in the great storm of 1926. That was perhaps the most gallant and dramatic sea-rescue of recent

times, and Mr. Pratt has got the whole heroic story here, from the time the *Roosevelt* left her dock in Hudson River to the hour she steamed up Plymouth Sound with the men she had saved by the most dogged efforts after standing by the disabled freighter through four days of the worst storm the North Atlantic had seen for years.

But, in spite of good passages, this latest work of Mr. Pratt's may not satisfy those among his readers who were excited by *The Cachalot* five years ago. It is rougher, rather wordy, and lacks that beautiful adjustment of manner to matter that was so distinctive a feature of his first long narrative poem. After reading *The Roosevelt and the Antinoe* we reached out for *The Cachalot*, and it opened at the sperm whale's plunge on the giant kraken in its lair:—

But soon the squid's antennae caught  
A murmur that the waters brought—  
No febrile stirring as might spring  
From a puny barracuda lunging  
At a tuna's leap, some minor thing,  
A tarpon or a dolphin plunging—  
But a deep consonant that rides  
Below the measured beat of tides  
With that vast, undulating rhythm  
A sounding sperm whale carries with him.  
The kraken felt that as the flow  
Beat on his lair with plangent power,  
It was the challenge of his foe,  
The prelude to a fatal hour;  
Nor was there given him more than time,  
From that first instinct of alarm,  
To ground himself in deeper slime,  
And raise up each enormous arm  
Above him, when, unmeasured, full  
On the revolving ramparts, broke  
The hideous rupture of a stroke  
From the forehead of the bull.

Now we may haggle over an odd word in that passage, but as a whole it has a clean rush and dramatic lift that pushes a man's stomach up against his heart with sheer excitement. Compared with it, the handling of most of the high moments in the new poem is frankly disappointing. Consider these lines on the moment when, all other methods having failed, a boat's crew must try for the *Antinoe* again:—

'Twas useless for the *Roosevelt* to await  
The issue of the struggle by debate.  
For nothing in those skies favoured a sign  
That by manoeuvre could the fight be won—  
By floating cask or breeches-buoy or line,  
Mere parleying with rockets and a gun.  
The hour had called for argument more rife  
With the gambler's sacrificial bids for life,  
The final manner native to the breed  
Of men forging decision into deed—  
Of getting down again into the sea,  
And testing rowlocks in an open boat,  
Of grappling with the storm-king bodily,  
And placing Northern fingers on his throat.

And yet here the characters are human and the issues dreadful: we should be moved not only by excitement but by awe. Leaving these comparisons aside, I think at bottom the trouble is that Mr. Pratt has been swamped by his material. In his anxiety to give a faithful account of the rescue, thrust by thrust, he has missed the heart of the drama, and that was Fried—the *Roosevelt's* Captain, sticking to the traditions of his calling, heart and head at grips, through those terrible days and nights; risking his men, his

ship, and the lives of his three hundred passengers to save the twenty-five souls on the derelict freighter:

Fried shortened up his weather gage to try  
To give a double shelter to the lifeboat:  
The message later read—"Had to rely  
Upon the final power of my engines,  
For had a revolution failed,—'twas either  
Roosevelt or Antioch with odds on neither."

Fried's very soul must be the core of this business, yet we never see into it at all. But if Mr. Pratt has fumbled this human drama, he remains unsurpassed in the vein he struck in his *Titans* and *Witches' Brew*, and we hope he will go back to it; for not many poets can get inside a whale or a dinosaur—and fill them out.

R. DE B.

#### THE UNITED STATES AND ENGLAND

AMERICA AND ENGLAND, by Nicholas Roosevelt (Cape-Nelson; pp. x, 254; \$2.50).

EVERYONE interested in Anglo-American relations should read Mr. Roosevelt's book, for it is a compact, well-informed, and even-tempered analysis of the basic positions of England and the United States. Its early chapters the author marshalls the salient facts regarding the economic strength of the two countries, and in presenting his facts he also presents the conditions which must qualify any conclusions we may draw from them. The Americans, for example, have the advantage in fuels, particularly oil, but against this we must set the exhaustive exploitation of their home oil-fields and the acquisition by the British of the bulk of the world supply. Owing to their highly mechanized methods, the Americans' output of work per person is almost twice that of the British, but the British still excel in quality articles 'requiring skill and patience on the part of the worker'. The American progress in world finance has been spectacular, but Great Britain's foreign investments total \$20,000,000,000 to the United States' \$13,500,000,000, and Mr. Roosevelt believes that 'it will be years before American bankers are as well informed in international affairs as are the British'. Mr. Roosevelt's appreciation of the intangible factors in balancing the assets of the two Powers is the outstanding feature of his book: the compact wealth, mechanical efficiency, and latent power of his own country never blind him to the strength England draws from her superior experience in world trade, finance, and diplomacy, and from the 'subtle power of tradition' which imbues her servants the world over with a sense of duty whose value is incalculable.

Any of Mr. Roosevelt's British readers, by the way, who are staggered by the facts on which he bases his assumption that his country may soon 'take the place of Great Britain as the leading commercial power of the world' can brace themselves on the report of the Imperial Economic Committee recently published. This report shows that in the years between 1913 and 1927 the Empire's trade increased 27½ per cent. as compared to a world increase of only 20 per cent., standing now at roughly \$10,000,000,000 as against \$9,000,000,000 for the United States; the report also shows that during this period Canada's export trade increased over 100 per cent., a comparative increase almost double that of the United States. So it seems that the old firm of John Bull & Co. has some life in it yet.

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It is in the close co-operation between English Governments and English trade enterprise that Mr. Roosevelt seems to see the only danger of commercial rivalry between English and Americans leading to political friction. But the danger here is not only on the English side; under Mr. Hoover's leadership co-operation between the American Government and American commerce is becoming closer daily, although it is not yet close enough to satisfy the American shipping interests. A description of the American bid for an adequate merchant navy brings Mr. Roosevelt to a discussion of sea power and naval parity. He is shrewd enough to see that on the old question of the Freedom of the Seas the American and British positions are in process of being reversed and that it is now to the advantage of the British rather than the Americans to secure it. 'If, therefore, the United States can be bound by a treaty to uphold the doctrine it will be possible to put her in the position of a moral leper if she interferes with neutral British shipping.' With the existing popular misconception of the realities of the situation such a treaty might be put through, but Mr. Roosevelt maintains that if negotiated it would not be worth the paper on which it was written.

Here we bring up against the central fact of any discussion of the United States' relations with other Powers. Until the United States can be brought to some understanding with the League nations by which she will accept joint responsibility for maintaining peace and applying at least negative sanctions against a war-making nation, no permanent solution will be found of Anglo-American or any other American relations. And it is just here that Mr. Roosevelt's plain speaking reveals the baffling nature of the problem, for he bluntly states that

... the clumsiness of the American machinery for conducting foreign policy, coupled with the usual ignorance of world affairs on the part of America's leaders, together with the clamour of alien groups and propagandists against any proposed course of action which might adversely affect the interests of a foreign country, make it almost certain that the United States, if a member of the League, would be paralysed in the event that it had to decide whether or not the sanctions should be used against a nation accused by its neighbours of being a disturber of the peace.

It is this inherent condition in the American nation rather than any difference between American and British or League aims that will make any effective co-operation slow in coming; but Mr. Roosevelt is not pessimistic as to the future:—

The amazing thing is not that the American people are still so ignorant of world affairs but that they have learned so much so quickly. The mere geographical distance of 3000 miles has been a great factor in retarding the nation's international education. Englishmen who remember the days when the English channel was a moat rather than a ditch know a little of the feeling of detachment which the Americans still enjoy.... Even those Americans who have been most active in international affairs and have served their country abroad have their moments when they thank God for the good fortune which enabled them so long to live in complete detachment from the quarrels, hatreds and jealousies of Europe. For Englishmen to ignore this is to misunderstand America. This, in turn, is to postpone the day when the English-speaking peoples work in harmony for the practical insurance of world peace.

A wish to hasten that day has clearly been the inspiration of this book. It is not so clear whether the author regards Anglo-American co-operation as a pre-

liminary to League-American co-operation, but in practice the one should ensure the other. With the shifting of the theatre of world events from the Atlantic to the Pacific Mr. Roosevelt sees a growing community of interest between the English-speaking Powers; while ruling out all thought of an 'alliance', he sees no reason why there cannot be an 'effective working agreement' between them, and it is through the Dominions, and Canada particularly, that he believes an understanding is to be sought.

R. DE B.

## THE UNCHANGING EAST

TRAVELS AND REFLECTIONS, by Noel Buxton (Allen & Unwin; pp. 223; 10/-).

AFGHAN AND PATHAN, by George B. Scott (The Mitre Press; pp. 188; 8/-).

THE East begins at the Danube and ends somewhere in Mid-Pacific. Mr. Buxton appears to have seen most of it and he has a pleasant gift for recording what he has seen. He has been nearly drowned while motoring with Ramsay MacDonald in the Sahara Desert, and he has been reported lost on the icy slopes of Fugi-Yama. Most of the adventures here recorded are pre-war, but they are far from peaceful, for peace in the middle East is evidently for the far distant future. The reader feels in spite of the author's forebodings that the Balkans will continue to offer the traveller a quick exit by bullet or knife for years to come. Mr. Buxton writes as though a very short time would see the last of the Age of Romance and leave all of us with no alternative but to die in our beds. We can only hope that he is right; for the type of Romance that depends for its existence on blood feuds, plunder, and brutal cruelty to women, children, and animals, may well be allowed to perish. No greater contrast to Mr. Buxton's book could be imagined than *Afghan and Pathan*, a Sketch by George B. Scott. The former is the work of a born journalist, the latter is a close written study of the N.W. Frontier by one who has been an actor in most of its history for the past sixty years. The book is really a Baedeker, in all except the maps, of the most turbulent section of the world's surface. One gathers that the life of a foreigner in Afghanistan is not worth many days' purchase, but that the chance of his survival is rather better than that of a native caught outside his own tribal boundaries. The human urge to 'leave 'arf a brick' at the stranger is carried out in terms of high-powered rifles and telescopic sights. To most readers of Kipling the terms Afghan and Pathan are synonymous. This book shows the error of that assumption. Every ridge and every valley is peopled by rival tribesmen whose hatred of the foreigner is only exceeded by hatred of their neighbours. Almost the only thing which is sure to cause a temporary truce to vendetta and local foray is the prospect of a general raid on India. Through Afghanistan has come every invasion of that unhappy country and the road is still open. Home Rulers please note. Mystics, Theosophists, and all well-intentioned advocates of Self Determination should read the book. It will be safer than visiting Afghanistan and it treats of one of the decisive factors in the question of India. We regret the absence of maps, but allowance must be made for a country where each survey party becomes



an expeditionary force, and where observations may be terminated at any moment by a well placed bullet.

It will be of interest to all Victorian Imperialists to know that the boundary between Afghanistan and India would have taken the Jellalebad Valley and brought many of the most troublesome tribes under British police control had it not been for Mr. Gladstone's pious ambition to discredit his predecessor Disraeli. But for him Great Britain might have been spared three major upheavals on the frontier, and be now in a better position to prevent the invasion of India at such time as she achieves Independence. Both these books will appeal to that intelligent minority whose interest in the world is not bounded by their own national frontier.

A. GOULDING.

### ESSAYS ON ART

**ART AND CIVILIZATION:** Essays arranged and edited by F. S. Marvin and A. F. Clutton-Brock (Oxford University Press; pp. 263; 22 full-page illustrations; \$3.75).

**THIS** book forms the eighth volume in The Unity Series, and arose, like its predecessors, from the lectures given at a 'Unity History School', in this case the one held at Vienna in August 1923. The editors have planned the book as a companion to *Science and Civilization*, volume VI. in the series.

*Art and Civilization* is a book such as we have needed for a long time on the subject of the fine arts. The nine writers are men of well-known standing, and the chapters are linked together by a remarkable continuity. In a clear and concentrated form they give an idea of the physical, geographical, political, and spiritual influences that brought about the important periods in the artistic efforts of mankind, those great landmarks in the direct succession that brought about the affairs of modern Europe and America. There is nothing biographical, nothing technical. For the most part, each writer shows very simply and clearly how inevitable was the method in which the art workers of each period expressed themselves; neither ahead nor behind their time, they simply fulfilled the demands of their time. Perhaps almost too little is said of available materials, which often play so serious a part in the work of a country.

The introduction by F. S. Marvin gives a general outline of the subject. G. Elliot Smith follows with a chapter on 'The Origins of Art', which seems to leave the reader in rather a muddle, and with which I heartily disagree; this, however, is the only really weak spot in the book. 'Prehistoric Art', by Dina Portway Dobson, is a magnificent introduction to the subject; she has chosen her illustrations well, propounds very little in the way of theory, but gives just what most readers want, a good, clear explanation.

The next two chapters, by Michael Holroyd, on Greek and Roman art, are remarkably good. The mind and needs of the people are well shown, and how the life of the people made it possible for them to produce and appreciate the things that seemed to fulfill their yearnings.

As one might expect, Laurence Binyon's essay on 'The Art of Asia' is a masterpiece. With admirable clearness and concentration, it covers a big subject, dealing with extensive and varied geographical con-

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ditions, and shows how the mentality, movements, and conquests of Asia were responsible for its artistic productions. Joseph Strzygowski treats of 'Old Christian Art' and 'Medieval Art', and brings in much material from his intensely careful studies of north-western Asia. A short space is given to the essays on 'The Art of the Renaissance', by H. Glueck, 'Italian Art of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries', by Mrs. Arthur Strong, and 'The Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries', by A. F. Clutton-Brock, as it is taken for granted that the reader has already much more material at his disposal. The last writer also reviews 'The Nineteenth Century'. Here he scarcely does justice to the very philosophy that runs through the book, that art is an expression of the needs of the people. F. S. Marvin winds up the volume with 'Art in a Modern Democracy,' a difficult subject, and I think a weak spot in the book—at least it failed to interest me.

A short, good bibliography is given with each essay.

C. T. CURRELLY.

### A GREAT MIGRATION

THE GREAT MEADOW. by Elizabeth Madox Roberts (The Literary Guild pp. 338; \$2.50).

THIS is part of the story of Diony Hall, who leaves her comfortable Virginia plantation to follow her husband to the wilds of Kentucky at a time when life is comparatively safe only in one of the three forts, who undergoes the stress and tragedies of Indian warfare and so on into the beginning of a day when she may live out on the new farm and leave the fort. The period is that of the Revolutionary War.

If there is a single impression which is conveyed to one who has followed Miss Roberts thus far in her literary career, it is strong confirmation of a previously held belief that she is primarily a poet, coupled with recognition of her soundness of instinct in turning after her first volume, from formal poetry to formal prose. Miss Roberts is not merely a poet in her choice of style and in her sense of the value of words and arrangements of words, although that would be sufficient to place her with the poets. For instance, the two great recitals in this book, the story told by the stranger in Thomas Hall's home, which sets the blood of Diony and Berk tingling for Kentucky, and the account at the end that determines Diony's choice, both of these, and especially the former, are in reality great songs, with refrains that ring through the heart after the details are forgotten.

But she is more fundamentally a poet than such outward tokens would indicate. She is a poet in her synthesis of the individual, in her denial of the very duality of mind and body which she outwardly stresses. 'They, these things, or any small part of the whole mighty frame of the world, are without any kind or sort or share until somebody's mind is there to know. Consequently, all the ways you wouldn't know, all you forgot or never yet remembered, mought have a place to be in Mind, in some Mind far off, and he calls this Eternal Spirit.' And Diony is constantly rejoicing in this inheritance from her father, of mind, of creative imagination. Nevertheless, she feels and thinks and knows, not with her mind alone, but with her hands, her feet, her whole being. It is all mind:

it is all body. The constant insistence upon this, the constant conveyance to Diony and to the reader of spiritual experience through mysteriously recognized sense impressions, is not only a distinctive characteristic of all Miss Roberts' work, not only the source of so much of the beauty and appeal of her writing, but it is also the final proof of her poetic calling. With a sure tread which I know in no other at present writing, she moves in that strange world which we clumsily recognize and sometimes feebly designate as a sixth sense.

But she does well to write in prose, for she is a creator of atmosphere, and atmosphere is essentially a matter of prose. She could never be a writer of great poetry. Her rhythms are too long, too sweeping for her to handle them as poetry. And she moves after all too much in the world of daily experience, only that she is more keenly aware than most of the real sources of experience.

Many readers may find her book disappointing as a record of pioneer life. It is not that there is any lack of authentic material. Miss Roberts has not only made a thorough study of actual living conditions in the period in which she places her story, but displays familiarity with the events of importance in that first great migration of the westward-looking settlers who crossed the Cumberland Gap in the wake of Daniel Boone. The treatment is more subjective than many readers of pioneer life will wish. There is a lack of the dramatic starkness and objective vividness that we have become accustomed to. Even the attack of the Shawnees on Berk's cabin is impressionistically described. To some of us, however, this very quality of tonal subordination of details is an aid to our understanding of the unconquerable urge to home-building which animated these adventurous men and strong women of the frontier. By prodigality of domestic detail, combined with rigid economy of emotional stress, Miss Roberts achieves a remarkable unity of effect which for me at any rate amply justifies her method.

J. D. ROBINS.

### WISE MUSIC

COLLECTED POEMS, by Edwin Arlington Robinson (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 1018; \$6.00).

CAVENDER'S HOUSE is the new poem that serves as the pretext for a further collected edition of 'the wise music of Robinson'. Those who were lured to the austere delight of reading Robinson by *Tristram* and the incoherent burbling of *The Book of the Month Club* will think the new edition just a publisher's, or an author's ruse. *Cavender's House*, with a texture as simple and as sombre as anything in Robinson's forty years of philosophizing in poetry will appeal rather to the life-long Robinsonian, as *Tristram* with its occasional flamboyance and its troubling oscillations between mediaeval heroes and modern doubters, could not. After the undesigned popular success of *The Scarlet Letter*, *The House of the Seven Gables*—after *Tristram*, *Cavender's House*: it is heartening indeed to find Robinson as careless of life upon the lips of men, as bent upon artistic integrity, as the great solitary with whose conception of art and mode of life he has such close affinity.

The 'murderer' revisits at midnight the sites of his 'crimes', the dark house in which he had carelessly

misunderstood his wife, the cliff from which, on his suspicion of her infidelity, she had flung herself. His house, Cavender's House, lonely and eerie at all times, remains as he had left it years before; and in her familiar chair Cavender's distraught mind imagines that his wife, Laramie, is patiently watching for him. Husband and wife engage in one of those troubled unsatisfying dialogues with eloquent Jamesian silences in which Robinson is so skilled. Nothing could be better, nothing more surely part of the New England tradition in which Robinson is immersed, than the way we are led into a belief in the vitality of Laramie, only to be reminded that this phantom is but the cruel projection of an irrepressible remorse. In the end the phantom leads Cavender out to the cliff, and softening her tone ever so little, leaves him to cooler speculation. The closing lines, 'solemn, cold, unlighted, austere', suggest the quality of the poem:—

He could do anything now but go again  
 Into that house of his where no men went,  
 And where he did not live. He was alone  
 Now, in a darker house than any light  
 Might enter while he lived. Yet there was light;  
 There where his hope had come with him so far  
 To find an answer, there was light enough  
 To make him see that he was there again  
 Where men should find him, and the laws of men  
 Along with older laws and purposes,  
 Combined to smite. He was not sorry for that,  
 And he was not afraid. He was afraid  
 Only of peace. He had not asked for that;  
 He had not earned or contemplated it;  
 And this could not be peace that frightened him  
 With wonder, coming like a stranger, slowly  
 Without a shape or name, and unannounced—  
 As if a door behind him in the dark,  
 And once not there, had opened silently,  
 Or as if Laramie had answered him.

No other poet since Crabbe, whom he deeply respects, has had quite that close intensity, that terrible austerity.

Robinson's poetry falls neatly into three kinds,—the matter of Britain, the matter of New England, and the varied matter of humanity.

His three Arthurian poems, *Merlin* (1917), *Lancelot* (1920), and *Tristram* (1927), for all the vitality of their characters and the sureness of their structure are not his best work. Arthur and Merlin come to life in his hands as they never did in Tennyson's; Vivien and Guinevere are much firmer than in the *Idylls of the King*; but with Lancelot and Tristram, the sport of passion, Robinson is less evenly successful. A New England poet is never altogether sound in his imagination of passion.

In his New England poems long and short, Robinson is much freer and more vivid and spirited. *Captain Craig* (1902), *Annandale* (1902), *Luke Havergal* (1897), *John Evereldown* (1897), Cavender now, and all his other tense and more or less inarticulate New Englanders are Robinson's proper subjects. He knows the obscurest folds of their perceptions, their slightest feelings, the deepest plunges of their thought: he knows so well ones like Captain Craig, that adorable idler, that in dealing with them he can afford to indulge his trick of 'ironic elaboration', his preference for the innuendo and the faint suggestion, without ever seeming to lose himself in the maze of his creation.

In judging his analytic poems on 'the varied matter of humanity', one pauses with long misgivings over their first postulate: namely, that intelligence is the most curious and exciting form of vitality. If one will not concede this, one has done with Robinson. If one will, one will never have done with such work as *Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford* (1916) and *The Man Against the Sky* (1916). The quietness of the closing verses of the latter poem, with their solemn confession of Robinson's despair as he finds his mind not adequate to the subtlety of nature, has a Greek grandeur.

The simpler lyrics of Robinson, things like 'The Mill', are true lyrics and cannot be spoken of in prose. All that one dare say of these is that the stanzaic forms that Robinson has invented or revived for them, have a consummate aptness and are manipulated with an unflinching skill.

Perhaps one should not speak of Robinson at all this spring. The Macmillan Company has just announced the publication of the long awaited *Introduction to the Poetry of Edwin Arlington Robinson* by Charles Cestre. And to pit one's impression of Robinson against M. Cestre's is to touch the shield of Lancelot!

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## BOOKS ABOUT CANADA

THE BUNKHOUSE MAN, by Edmund W. Bradwin (Columbia University Press; pp. 306; \$5.00).

This book is, as its sub-title states, 'a study of the work and pay in the Camps of Canada, 1903-1914,' and it possesses at least one characteristic which will distinguish it from most studies of a similar nature, in that the writer writes with the academic equipment of the trained university man, but from the experience of the worker himself. For Dr. Bradwin, who is well known for his work in connection with the Frontier College, collected his material for this study by working during a period in actual railroad construction.

The book, while recognizing the difficulties under which the contractor himself labours, contains a strong indictment of the injustices which have been attendant upon the contract system under which most of the railroad construction on this continent has been carried on. The author carefully refrains from the use of any such ugly term as *exploitation* in his discussion of labour conditions in the period of construction under review, but there can be no other word to describe adequately a condition of affairs under which every advantage is taken of the worker, in which remoteness gives the employer a power over the labourer which few are able to resist. From first-hand knowledge Dr. Bradwin tells of the handicap under which the man labours who can buy his supplies, his very clothing, only from the contractor, who reaches his camp only over the contractor's section of railroad and can get out only by the same route, who must accept the contractor's classification of his work, and who may find that he has worked from June 22nd to August 27th, at two dollars a day, and has coming to him on that date exactly \$15.80. It is such itemized working out of conditions as the last mentioned which gives the book much of its convincingness.

Many of the undesirable conditions described in the study have been corrected since the original survey was made, but the disabilities under which the unorganized frontier workers labour are still sufficiently great and sufficiently similar to those indicated in Dr. Bradwin's book to justify its publication.

For the student of Canadian economic and labour history *The Bunkhouse Man* should prove valuable.

Incidentally, not the least interesting part of the volume is to be found in the light it throws on some aspects of the immigrant problem. In spite, too, of the statistical character of a good deal of the book and the factual character of most of it, it is full of human interest. Its authenticity can be vouched for by one who has had actual experience of some of the conditions set forth. Any one who has read this book and Stevens' *Brawnyman* should have a quite adequate picture of the life of the casual labourer in the frontier construction work of this continent.

J. D. R.

CANADA WEST, by Frederick Niven, illustrated by John Innes (Dent; pp. 188; \$1.50).

Mr. Niven's book is the latest addition to the 'Outward Bound Library', described by its publishers as 'a series of illustrated handbooks for the information and entertainment of travellers and emigrants and their friends at home, which aims at presenting a vivid, accurate, and absolutely up-to-date view of the life under post-war conditions in all parts of the British Empire.' The salient and refreshing feature of this new series is that each contributor is a writer of established reputation who has made his home in the country depicted; and this condition applies to the illustrators as well. Although *Canada West* is the eighth of the series it is the first I have read; and on closing it I feel that if the editor's choice of other contributors is as happy as it has been here this modest string of handbooks will have a greater constructive influence on the future of the British Commonwealth than all the spectacular campaigns of the Beaverbrook-Rothermere press. Mr. Niven not only knows his West but understands it. He has watched its development for so long that he almost ranks as an 'old-timer' himself, and whether he is describing the processes of its industries or the different human types engaged in them, the romance of its past or the problems of its present, he stirs the imagination of his reader by the integrity of his own interest. In dealing with such prickly matters as the pools or immigration he succeeds in his aim of presenting information without bias, but a catholic sympathy for the people who have made or are making the country suffuses all he writes. There are some fine pages on the beauty of the mountain

country where the author has made his home, and descriptions of the coast and the Yukon end a well-packed book that will stamp on every reader's mind a vivid impression of the vastness and variety of Canada West.

R. DE B.

DOMINION OF CANADA, REPORT OF THE PUBLIC ARCHIVES FOR THE YEAR 1929, by Arthur G. Doughty (The King's Printer, Ottawa; pp. 171; 50cts.).

The report of the Dominion Archivist for 1929 is at hand. As usual, very interesting material has been selected for inclusion in the four appendices. For the student of the Seven Years' War in Canada, the letters of Montcalm and members of his staff are of real interest, although they are of personal rather than state value, since they are written mostly to his wife and mother, and are reticent regarding his campaigns. The student of constitutional developments in Canada will be interested in Appendix D, a Colonial Department document, known as the *Minute of the 30th April 1836*. This Minute seems to have been compiled by Lord Glenelg, and it is of peculiar interest as showing some of the views that were entertained by British statesmen on the subject of the constitutional experiment in British North America, just prior to 1837. Says Lord Glenelg: 'The population of British North America is not less than 1,200,000 souls. They are already assuming a distinct National character; and the day cannot be very remote when an Independence, first real, and then avowed, will take the place of the present subjection of these Provinces to the British Crown.'

The publication of Journals of the great explorers proceeds. Appendix B, the 'First Journal of Simon Fraser from April 12th to July 18th, 1806,' relates the first exploration of the Fraser River by that intrepid traveller and trader. Appendix C is really supplementary to Appendix B, for it consists of letters from the Rocky Mountains written by Fraser between August 1st, 1806, and February 10th, 1807. The educational possibilities of these journals have not yet been fully appreciated. The eagerness with which the shortest quotations in history textbooks are seized by boys in school should encourage a much fuller use by teachers of such material. Of all source material for Canadian history, none can surpass in romantic appeal to youth the journals of the explorers and early fur-traders. The same ming-

ling of adventure and practical, mechanical difficulty that has given Robinson Crusoe its perennial appeal to youth, especially to boys, should make these accounts fascinating to them, especially with the added attraction of reality.

J. D. R.

5000 FACTS ABOUT CANADA, compiled by Frank Yeigh (Canadian Facts Publishing Co.; pp. xxxii, 80; 35 cents).

Mr. Yeigh's cheerful annual may serve a new purpose this year as a mental pick-me-up for those of us who are still feeling the hang-over of our last bout of speculative dissipation. When we read here that Canada ships wheat to India and apples to New Zealand, we look forward confidently to the day when we will ship coals to Newcastle. All the figures of Canadian industry and finance are heartening, and they range from mining to manufacturing and from Canada's share in the Dawes Plan to bank clearings in Medicine Hat. The only error we notice is in Canada's resources of coal, which are estimated at a thousand times less than the Government's figure; but if this is not a modest error at least it is an error on the side of modesty. One of the five thousand facts shows a surprising limitation on the Canadian standard of living. Canada, we read, has only one motor car to every nine people: to keep us all going comfortably we should have one to every five.

R. DE B.

#### RELIGIOUS LITERATURE

THE THEORY OF CHRIST'S ETHICS, by F. A. M. Spencer (Allen and Unwin; pp. 252; 10/6).

This book is a sequel to Dr. Spencer's *Ethics of the Gospel* and *Civilization Remade by Christ*. Nevertheless, the volume has a distinct field of its own and is sufficiently free from what has gone before to render it decidedly worth while as a separate study of the ethical teaching of Jesus.

Dr. Spencer's main contention is that in spite of anything that may appear to the contrary, Jesus really had a long world-view, and that he did intend his moral teaching to be applied socially by succeeding generations. With the eschatological school against him here, he first of all (after a brief review of the historical development of Jewish ethics) discusses the interim-ethic theory as expounded by Johannes Weiss, only to reject it in favour of the view that it was not

'the ethic which was interim, but the human conditions to which it was not quite suitable'. This really accounts (so he believes) for the brevity and lack of particularity of Christ's teaching. 'It was not for the eschatological reason that the world was about to be destroyed', but because his contemporaries could not then have understood anything more than he gave them—and how unwilling they were even to receive that! It was here that the Cross came in. The Sermon on the Mount could only be put into effect through the power of the Cross:—

Instead of proceeding with His moral and religious instruction He courted the death by which He could gain the power to deliver and guide and influence the erring and helpless race of men. The Divine ethics in which He gave the first lessons in the Sermon on the Mount would be resumed when He had by His death made it possible for men to put it into practice.

Many will feel that Dr. Spencer is scarcely facing fully the eschatological problem in all this, but it is an interesting and stimulating theory, and is certainly not without support in the Gospels. For the rest, this book contains much that is valuable and suggestive to those interested in the subject. The chapter on 'Force and Persuasion' especially will repay careful study. Jesus, the author holds, while discouraging the carrying of weapons of defence, and counseling unremitting kindness even to enemies, nevertheless, permitted self-defence against private violence of an extreme character.

F. J. M.

THE CHILD'S APPROACH TO RELIGION, By The Rev. H. W. Fox (Williams and Norgate; pp. 95; 3/6.)

Here is an excellent little book for parents and those who find difficulty in teaching religion to children. It is, indeed, the best that we have come across. Its starting point, after emphasizing the importance of personal example, is with the character of Jesus, and particularly with his kindness. Show Jesus to be a very real and very kind man and you have made a good start towards giving your child a good idea of God. From Jesus and how He thought about God, you can move easily to the sort of God that the child can believe in. Prayer will come more easily and with less unreality with this simple idea of God. On this subject the author has many and useful things to say. He regards it as necessary that the 'children's prayers should not be con-

nected with any particular time of day, or day of the week, or with any particular place or attitude of body.' Evening prayers might sometimes take the form, even, of a talk between the parent and child with an occasional word addressed to the invisible Father; and the idea of thinking of prayer as being only the asking God for things he wants should be avoided. And 'do not let him get into the habit of using that very vague and rather lazy word "bless"'. The story of the cross is admirably dealt with: 'kind people suffer for being kind as well as bad people suffer for being bad.' The details of the crucifixion should be left out, nor should pictures of the passion and death of Jesus be shown, not at any rate, before the child is ready for them. Theological ideas of the cross—especially old ones, are likely to have disastrous consequences, and might raise difficulties that may lead to the rejection of Christianity altogether. Mr. Fox would begin his teaching on the Hereafter, in the case of a child old enough for it, by describing the wonder and the functions of the body—'the House we live in', and from that go on to the enlarging House as we get older. His chapters on the Old Testament are calculated to help a good many people in difficulty here. In a short final chapter he gives the following warning: 'What you are aiming at is to produce a character saturated and not merely tinged or colour-washed with the right idea of God, and all this is bound to take a long time. Do not force his religious growth, you are planting acorns and not mushroom spawn'. The book is highly recommended by the Bishop of Liverpool.

F. J. M.

#### MISCELLANEOUS

GREEK MEDICINE, Translated by A. J. Brock (J. M. Dent & Sons; pp. 256; \$1.25.)

'The Library of Greek Thought', of which this is the latest volume, is already well-known, and this book is therefore sure of its welcome. The whole collection, which is under the general editorship of Professor Ernest Barker, aims at giving, by means of a short and general introduction and a large number of extracts in translation, a general view of various aspects of Greek culture, and should be as invaluable to those who do not know Greek as it is useful to those who do. *Greek Medicine* is worthy of its predecessors. In the thirty-five

pages of introduction Dr. Brock gives a clear, if necessarily concise account of the history of medicine from Alkmaeon to the Byzantine period; most of his translations are taken from the Hippocratean corpus and from Galen, and, though these must of necessity be the main figures, one might have wished for a fuller choice from the intervening period. The restriction was perhaps necessitated by considerations of space. The translations are very readable and should be all the more useful as the texts are not always easily accessible to the general public, though this defect has largely been remedied by the appearance of 'Hippocrates' and Galen's *Natural Faculties* in the Loeb Classical Library, the latter by Dr. Brock himself. *Greek Medicine* gives a fair and clear account of the main ideas and theories which governed Greek medical science, and some of them at least the reader will find unexpectedly interesting and 'modern'. It should also help to dispel the absurd legend that the Greeks were ignorant of scientific method. Absurd, since they invented it.

G. M. A. G.

TRADITION AND EXPERIMENT IN PRESENT-DAY LITERATURE (Oxford University Press; pp. 216; \$2.25).

This is an object-lesson in how not to make a book. The City Literary Institute of London, (not Ont.) arranges a series of addresses by younger literary practitioners—Rebecca West, T. S. Eliot and others—seasoning the group prudently with a budding senior or two like J. D. Beresford. Very good so far. And it asks each of them to speak on his particular craft, the dramatist on drama, the biographer on biography, etc. Very good again. But instead of giving each of them a free choice in the matter of title and attitude there is a cut-and-dried scheme. R. H. Mottram speaks on Tradition in the Novel, J. D. Beresford on Experiment in the Novel; Edmund Blunden on Tradition in Poetry, Edith Sitwell on Experiment in Poetry. Here is the gross mistake. For no sooner do you ask a writer to go through his paces as a rebel than he will start talking about Genesis and Aristotle out of sheer cussedness, no sooner do you ask him to raise his voice as an acknowledged old-stager than he will begin to caper like Father William. It is almost inevitable. And if he resists the impulse it is sure to put him off his stride and make him fizzle a little.

No one can be quite himself under

such conditions. And while the names of the contributors are enough to sell the book to those who follow contemporary criticism, few will find the book satisfactory as a whole. Indeed there is a strained look about the performance which impairs even the good things that are said. It is more like a parlour stunt than a serious undertaking. Let us suppose we are at a mixed party of young and old and the Director of the Institute is playing the piano for Musical Chairs. The literary lions and lionesses are trotting round and round, some trying to look as if they had never played this game before (Mr. T. S. Eliot perhaps) others trying to look as if they never did anything else (let us say, Miss Sitwell). There is a dark corner in the room where it looks suspiciously as if Rebecca West were trying to trip up poor Edmund Blunden who is just in front of her. And so it goes on interminably—the director is forgetting himself—with hand-clappings from the juveniles and yawns from the seated elders. But the fun comes at the last, for the master of the ceremonies has forgotten to take out the odd chair that the game depends on and when the music stops at last they all sit down, sheepishly, all twelve of them, and nobody is left out. They are all winners, but—we fervently hope—they have done with Musical Chairs henceforth.

B. F.

A MISCELLANY, by A. C. Bradley (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 267; \$3.00).

The majority of the essays brought together in this volume were delivered as occasional lectures and have been printed elsewhere—individually or in other collections. Nevertheless, it is a matter for rejoicing that they are reprinted here, for they are of the same quality as the author's *Shakespearean Tragedy* and *Oxford Lectures on Poetry*. Since Matthew Arnold no one has occupied the Chair of Poetry at Oxford more creditably than Mr. Bradley; no English critic has enabled us to understand many of the major figures in English Literature more intelligently. Great learning and fine appreciation combine with good judgment to elucidate whatever subject he touches. The Essay on 'Matthew Arnold's Essay on Shelley' is a masterpiece of fine discrimination which contributes something real to our understanding both of Shelley and

of Arnold. 'The Reaction against Tennyson' takes the balance firmly between the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The whole volume will be prized both for its wisdom and its power of communicating delight by all those readers who have come to recognize in Mr. Bradley perhaps the finest critical mind in our day.

M. W. W.

OBLOMOV, by Ivan Goncharov, translated by Natalie A. Duddington (Allen & Unwin; pp. 525; 10/6).

The publisher's note on the dust-cover of this enormous novel is a model of terseness that deserves to be quoted: 'Of this great Russian classic Mr. Maurice Baring has written, "In Oblomov Goncharov created a type which has become immortal and has passed into the Russian tongue, just as Tartuffe has passed into the French language, or Pecksniff into the English tongue." It is a study of a fine and sensitive nature, undermined and utterly ruined by apathy and lack of will power.' Plump little Oblomov, incapable of managing his own valet yet dreaming in his everlasting dressing-gown of the ideal life he will live some day, when his plans have matured, is a humorous and rather attractive figure; when all the best in his nature is stirred by love for a girl of character with whom he is obviously too inferior to mate, he becomes a pathetic one; his struggles to escape from the slough of his indolence, his self-foreseen failure, and his gradual submergence evoke our pity. But a quarter of a million words for such a study is excessive, and while he himself is entirely convincing his story is not; for his friend Stolz (the dynamic German-Russian who is his foil) would

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never have let him sink into the tragic vulgarity of his last phase. In real life Stolz would have packed him back from the city to his family estate and found him a housekeeper of his own class to marry, instead of letting him drift to rest beside the cook of his suburban establishment 'on the Vyborg side' and rust out his thin but fine spirit among boors. Still, the book is an unparalleled study of a type whose fate in the new Russia is a subject for melancholy speculation. Written in 1858, it is surprisingly modern in spirit; but good though it is, we are inclined to demur to the extravagant praise which this first complete translation has evoked from some English critics—even although we would not go so far as Mr. Priestley, who, excited by the reviews of the literary Russophiles, forked out ten and six for a copy and then, having read it, publicly demanded his money back.

R. DE B.

CHINA, THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE, by L. H. Dudley Buxton, with a chapter on the climate by W. G. Kendrew (Oxford Press; pp. xiii, 333; illustrated; \$4.50).

Mr. Buxton's 'human geography' of China covers the natural history and topography not only of China proper but of Mongolia, Manchuria, and Tibet, and is a mine of information that students will find quite pleasant to work in. To the general reader interested in China it should prove invaluable, for it gives all the basic facts regarding the country and its people which must govern present conditions and future progress alike, and shows the extent to which geography, climate, and a common written language have formed the Chinese democracy which has defeated all its conquerors. Placed against this background, the vicissitudes of China's present-day politics are seen in proper perspective and speculation on the outcome of the Nationalist movement becomes intelligent. The book has a very wide range; for example, the reader may acquire here a broad knowledge of the agriculture which supports the mass of the people or he may learn the details of their age-old method of distilling camphor which the best industrial brains of the West have never been able to better; he may learn why the rivers run on top of the plain instead of through it and why everyone must travel alongside of the main highways instead of on them. And he may also

learn the causes of the devastating floods and droughts whose effects are periodically featured in our press and are taken by so many of us as a matter of course. Perhaps the book's main lesson for Canadian readers is the extent to which the deforestation of China has affected its climate, its agriculture, and its prosperity. China was once as well forested a country as Canada; its forests were cut without thought for the future, and the revenge taken by Time is to be seen in the poverty and insecurity of millions of farmers on the bare yellow plain of China today.

R. DE B.

THE REAL BERNARD SHAW, By Maurice Colbourne (J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd.; pp. 66. Cloth 90c.; paper 50c.)

There seems no particular reason for this book, which contains only those very true, important and entertaining remarks that we have all read dozens of times in its predecessors; there is nothing about dramatic technique. But the jacket and the frontispiece both exhibit that splendid portrait of Mr. Shaw by Mr. E. J. Sullivan, which first appeared on the cover of *Everyman*.

G. N.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

*The listing of a book in this column does not preclude a more extended notice in this or subsequent issues.*

## CANADIAN BOOKS

CANADA'S FUR-BEARERS, by Robert Watson (Graphic Publishers; pp. 48).

REPORT OF THE PUBLIC ARCHIVES FOR THE YEAR 1929, Arthur G. Doughty (King's Printer; pp. 171).

ATHEISM OR CHRIST, by Maud Howe (Canadian Christian Crusade; pp. 89; 50 cents).

McKim's DIRECTORY OF CANADIAN PUBLICATIONS 1930 (A. McKim Limited; pp. 583; \$3.00).

## GENERAL

THE BEGUILING SHORE, by D. F. Gardner (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 339; \$2.00).

THE SCEPTICAL BIOLOGIST, by Joseph Needham (George J. McLeod; pp. 270; \$3.00).

MRS. CLUTTERBUCK LAUGHS, by Guy Pocock (J. M. Dent & Sons; pp. 320; \$2.00).

THE STUFFED OWL. An Anthology of Bad Verse, selected and arranged by D. B. Wyndham Lewis and Charles Lee (J. M. Dent & Sons; pp. xxiv, 236; \$1.75).

THE WOMAN OF ANDROS, by Thornton Wilder (A. & C. Boni—Irwin & Gordon; pp. 162; \$2.50).

THE FUNCTION OF REASON, by Alfred North Whitehead (Princeton University Press; pp. 72; \$1.50).

LOVE'S ILLUSION, by J. D. Beresford (Viking Press—Irwin & Gordon; pp. 307; \$2.50).

ELLA, by Elisabeth Wilkins Thomas (Viking Press—Irwin & Gordon; pp. 247; \$2.50).

THE MIRACLE OF PEILLE, by J. L. Campbell (E. P. Dutton—Ryerson Press; pp. 223; \$2.50).

THAT WORTHLESS FELLOW PLATONOV, by Anton Chekhov (E. P. Dutton—Ryerson Press; pp. 279; \$2.50).

THE NECESSARY MAN, by Agnes Logan (Nisbet & Co.; pp. 317).

THE MEANING OF RATIONALISATION, by L. Urwick (Nisbet & Co.; pp. 160; 7/6).

THE FILENE STORE, by Mary La Dame (Russell Sage Foundation; pp. 541; \$2.50).

STUDIES IN THE ENGLISH SOCIAL & POLITICAL THINKERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, by Robert H. Murray (W. Heffer & Sons; two volumes; pp. 474 & 452; each 12/6).

FELLOWSHIP PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE, by a Fellowship Group, edited by Malcolm Spencer and H. S. Hewish; (Allen & Unwin; pp. 288; 7/6).

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THE PRIVATE CITIZEN IN PUBLIC SOCIAL WORK, by Hilda Jennings (Allen & Unwin; pp. 237; 6/—).

THE TWILIGHT OF CHRISTIANITY, by Harry Elmer Barnes (Vanguard Press; pp. xi, 470; \$3.00).

THE CRUSADES, Iron Men and Saints, by Harold Lamb (Doubleday, Doran & Gundy; pp. 368; \$3.00).

ADVENTURE, by Major-General J. E. B. Seely (Doubleday, Doran & Gundy; pp. 326; \$6.00).

THE ROMANCE OF HERALDRY, by C. Wilfrid Scott-Giles (J. M. Dent & Sons; with 255 illustrations; pp. 234; \$3.00).

THE WORLD'S MASTERS—PICASSO (The Studio, introduction and 24 plates; 1/—).

THE WORLD'S MASTERS—MATISSE (The Studio, introduction and 24 plates; 1/—).

JOURNEY'S END, by R. C. Sherriff and Vernon Bartlett (Stokes—McClelland & Stewart; pp. 309; \$2.50).

DOMINION AUTONOMY IN PRACTICE, by Arthur Berriedale Keith (Oxford University Press; pp. 92; \$1.50).

POETRY AT PRESENT, by Charles Williams (Oxford University Press; pp. 216; \$2.25).

THE DARK, by Archibald Weir (Basil Blackwood; pp. xi, 341; 10/6).

AMERICAN SHORT STORIES. Edited by John Coufnos (J. M. Dent & Sons; Everymans Library; pp. xvi, 372; 55 cents).

A CHALLENGE TO NEURASTHENIA (Williams and Norgate; pp. 52; 1/—).

THE COMPOSITION OF HOMER'S ODYSSEY, by W. J. Woodhouse (Oxford University Press; pp. 251; \$3.75).

THE PROVING OF PSYCHE, by Hugh L'Anson Fausset (Cape—Nelson; pp. 320; \$3.75).

OUR BUSINESS CIVILIZATION, by James Truslow Adams (A & C Boni—Irwin & Gordon; pp. 306; \$3.00).

WOMEN HAVE TOLD, by Amy Wellington (Little, Brown and Company—McClelland & Stewart; pp. 204; \$2.50).

GREAT MODERN SHORT STORIES, Edited by Grant Overton (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 371; \$1.00).

THE GREAT MEADOW, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts (The Literary Guild; pp. 338; \$2.50).

THE SEVENTH GATE, by Muriel Harris (Mussion Book Co.; pp. 340; \$2.00).

CORRECTION—In our April issue Alfred Tennyson and William Kirby, by Lorne Pierce, was credited, in error, to the Oxford University Press. This book is published by Macmillans in Canada.



## GRAIN THAT ROCKED THE WORLD

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM,  
Sir:

Archimedes, when he had ascertained the dynamical power of the lever, cried; 'Give me standing room and a lever and I will move the world'. In our day, a grain of wheat and its progeny can move the world and rock the fortunes and living of all its inhabitants. The 'wheat-miner' as he is scathingly termed, at times, by those who know little of prairie soils and rain fall, has found a new Game. Having found out that one can have too much of even so useful a thing as wheat, he has turned his attention from the prosaic occupation of growing it to the more refined one of making money buying and selling it. The one requires a strong back, especially when the plow strikes a hidden rock. The other requires a strong head to gauge properly the effect it may have on prices when a report is given out that Peggy Joyce is thinking of marrying again. For the markets go up and down for any old reason and often for no reason at all. It was quietly whispered last fall, when prices in Winnipeg were relatively higher than in Liverpool, that there was a serious shortage of wheat. Nonpool farmers, held their wheat where able to do so. They, of course, did this mainly by storing it, and borrowing the amounts needed to clean up their debts, or the worst of them. Wheat was going up, no doubt of it. Hope and desire were quite agreed about it. Not to be outdone in helping the chief industry, all the arm-chair farmers took a hand in the game. I mean the wheat game, not the poker game, although many now have doubts as to the exact difference between the two. Think of the wonders of radio! Without leaving his arm-chair, the lone prairie man can follow the market, day by day, have all the thrills of a little game, under the wing of the law. Over the radio, he can also get the dope, the rumours that far more than facts, influence the ups and downs of exchange.

It is an axiom in certain financial circles that a gold dollar can produce as many as ten credit dollars. In some such manner a real bushel of wheat can produce several bushels of paper wheat. It would be superfluous to describe the process fully by which high-priced real wheat was gradually reduced to cheap real wheat. The story is a song that has been sung in every place where men meet and talk. The Pool, that new wheat god with feet of clay, always comes into the discourse. It is blamed for holding up the world in its demands, in prices F.O.B. Europe, and also for letting the price go down in Canada. It appears to serve the same purpose as that ancient institution of the Jews, the scape-goat. Although we have a very authentic account of that pool of wheat over which Joseph had charge, formed to 'stabilize' the market, nothing has yet been turned up by the excavations that gives us an insight of the popular ideas in regard to the matter. No critic has scratched his opinion of Joseph on a brick, and so immortalized himself. The immense crops of the years of plenty seem to have had the same effect then as now, their final effect was to deprive the farmer of his land. In our day, after years of exhortation on the benefits of growing two blades in place of one, the farmers girded up their loins, or rather, oiled up the old tractor, and with the help of Divine Providence, produced a wonderful crop. Strange to relate his large crop is declared to be *de trop*—he has done too well. He has not made a profound study of the birth-rate nor of many other things that affect his welfare. His wheat was good but it was too plentiful. The laws of economics are inexorable, they overturn those of common humanity. They are built to suit scarcity. Supply must be kept down to demand. If not, prices will fall. By giving the wheat grower a low price, and giving the rest of the community the benefit of the abundant crop, a valuable lesson is taught to all who dare break economic law. The modern disciples

The Canadian Forum, while welcoming manuscripts of general articles, stories, and verse, is not at present paying for material.

of Malthus, engaged in a single-minded pursuit of facts, have not noticed these strange eruptions of nature. Wheat, cotton, coffee, sugarcane, rubber, and in fact all the food plants have, from some mysterious cause, become, at times, almost valueless because of their abundance. Not that they were any less nutritious, but because anything that is abundant ceases to be of much value. Wheat, the latest one to go on a rampage of prodigality, has caused misery and heart-burning in thousands, nay millions of homes. For the effect of the breaking of this economic law of scarcity is not confined to the farm. It means a lessening of farm purchases, a lessened demand for factory goods, a lessening demand for labor, so back and forth it winds and twists and turns through the whole economic system. This does not make the farmer's loss any easier to bear. It would appear that the present situation might have been avoided had the 'Surplus' wheat been either given as a charity to the starving Chinese, or dumped into the sea. This again is a case of the eternal triangle, and no one, not even the economists, have any solution that will allow us to come to a common-sense conclusion. The farmer must pursue his occupation in future, with due care in regard to food fashions, the state of the money market, the rise and fall of the birth-rate, and think less about rust, drought, and frost. These may not be the enemies he has most to fear.

Yours etc.,

AVALON.

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM,  
Sir:

Mr. A. F. B. Clark's article on 'Literary Scholarship in Canadian Universities' in your April issue should not go quite unanswered. As I have only taught for two years in a Canadian university I will not challenge his virulent denunciation of 'Professors of Classics, of English and of Modern Languages'. My experience is clearly too limited, and it may be true for all I know (it would be in part true anywhere). But there are some errors of detail and fallacies of principle to which I take exception concerning the above mentioned literary departments.

In the first place there is implied, throughout, the attitude which I have already met so often as to be thoroughly tired of it; namely that Canadian universities are inferior to British universities. This needs considerable

qualification. There are about twenty-five institutions of University rank in Great Britain. Among these the University of Toronto (the only one with which I am familiar) would hold a by no means undistinguished place, as regards both the standard of its work and the calibre of its staff. Further, while it is true that the Canadian summer vacation is longer than in England (excepting, however, at Cambridge and Oxford), the total annual vacations in British universities vary from nearly five to quite six months. Here we have only four.

But these are matters of detail. What is important is that Mr. Clark seems to consider published work as the only test of scholarship; that of course depends on the quality of the work; it is frequently the reverse. Also he says: 'in order to be a good University teacher, one must be a productive scholar.' I suppose it matters little what one produces? But let that pass. Some very good scholars are mighty poor teachers, simply because they are not interested in teaching, and I have more than once read with pleasure and profit the work of a man whose lectures I cut whenever I could. One must be a scholar certainly, but the essence of scholarship is not 'production'. It is a sense of values, to read much and wisely, and to write when, and only when, one has something to say. If 'journalists and literary men' produce second-rate books, no great harm is done. But when such books are written by University Professors, they do irreparable harm, for they show the lack of a sense of values in the very place where one should be able to count on it, for the first requisite of scholarship is to realize one's limitations.

Mr. Clark is distressed because a man cannot give him an account of what he owes to a great teacher. I am sure my body owes much to bread, but I could not measure the debt.

Only the most thorough psycho-analysis could perhaps reveal what a man may owe to a great teacher. And so we are to have a Commission to investigate what we do with our leisure, and to be forced to adopt a 'business-like division of the working day'. And I suppose a man will be praised for any book it took him long enough to write. For good or ill scholarship cannot be measured by hours and schedules. Imagine Coleridge interviewed by such a Commission. To produce one great work is worth a life-time, even several men's life-times. It cannot be forced. You must trust your man. And if you cannot trust him, don't 'encourage' him to write. The possible results make one shudder. But, by all means, reward him when he has done it, if his work is approved by competent critics.

The real difficulty lies much deeper: there are so many universities in these days of democratic education that there are not enough scholars with real productive (if we must use the word) ability to go round. And I doubt whether there ever will be. And if the day must come when every university teacher is expected to turn out books, I hope they will be encouraged to write more concisely than Mr. Clark has done, or than I seem able to do.

Yours etc.,

G. M. A. GRUBE.

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# THE LITTLE THEATRES

## ON CHOOSING THE PLAY

PLAYS are like clothes, they don't always fit and sometimes they are the wrong colour. That is why it is dangerous to accept without careful reflection the patriotic advice of those persons, whether visiting dramatists or native enthusiasts, who urge upon our Little Theatres the exclusive selection of English drama. The truth is that this counsel, for the average Canadian troupe, needs to be qualified by the codicil: 'Keep away from English drawing room comedy'. And the reason is this: stuff like Milne and Lonsdale and Coward, like parts of *Punch*, is written for a limited class in the jargon of that class and with the assumption that the audience is fully seized of the circumstances, taboos, and shibboleths that govern their ideas and communications. Their dialogue is constructed for the swift clear-cut diction of professional stage English, and the material is not strong enough to bear transposition into the slower, rather blurred, utterance of the typical North American, with his lengthened vowels and weakened consonants. When you hear the master of an English country house, with thumbs in armholes and ankle on knee, offer his guests 'a lil' draap o' Scaatch', whatever fabric of illusion may have been built up is ripped to tatters and the play drops towards the level, without achieving the humour, of Bottom the Weaver's Little Theatre.

It is a pity; there is so much good stuff in the British theatre that does not depend so directly, or indeed at all, on specialized diction, and its dramatic texture is usually stouter than the flimsy creations that too often flutter—or flop—behind our amateur footlights. There are Manchester and Dublin and Birmingham, and many of their plays are written for players and people who are nearer in speech and outlook to our own people, besides having more of the universals that go to make permanent drama. There is also Molière, whom Lady Gregory has done into her own powerful stage idiom with a minimum loss of the Gallic verve. The *Kiltartan Molière* is well worth consideration by play committees.

It must further be remembered that the American theatre is built for a people whose manner of life is far closer to our own than is the existence of, let us say, a wealthy London stockbroker in his Surrey residence: and if we are to do modern plays, verisimilitude of presentation cannot fail to count in putting them across. It is probably true that a play, to make close contact with the greatest possible proportion of its audience, must be either very near or very distant in time and space. If it jars what may be called the 'realistics' of an appreciable number of spectators a resistance is set up and the task of the players becomes even harder. Hart House does well to bill a play of George Kelly.

All of which is not to mean that I disapprove of English polite comedy for all Canadian amateurs. There are many companies that can do it well; but producers must be sure that they have the right people to cast. Nor do I wish to lay myself open to the suspicion of advocating the conscious, or conscientious, acquisition of an 'English accent,' which is a futile operation and painful to all concerned. Let the amateur player speak his own tongue as clearly and accurately as he knows how, but let him at the same time pause to consider whether his speech does violence to the dramatist's intention, and if so keep away from that kind of part. Above all let us have more plays in the idiom of Merrill Denison's *Contract*.

R. K. H.

## PIONEERING IN THE NORTH WEST

IT is fitting that the newest and furthest north of the Little Theatres should be the boldest and most pioneering, and the appended double record from Edmonton is impressive in its brave originality. The touring idea is less common in Canada than it is among American amateurs, but none the less it is already established: the University of British Columbia Players' Club has for some years past made its annual round, and the University Extension Players make occasional excursions from Toronto. Neither

of these troupes has yet ventured to go under canvas, or to break into theatrically virgin territory; that distinction belongs to Edmonton, and I wish we had space to print Mr. Melvin Pearson's article in full; more particularly the part in which he meets and refutes certain criticisms on the choice of the play. Suffice it to say that what he tells us about the audience is sufficient justification for the play.

...

## EDMONTON LITTLE THEATRE

*It Pays to Advertise*, Peace River Tour, July, 1929.

JULY 4, 1929 marked an epoch in Canadian theatrical history. It saw the departure from Edmonton, Alberta, of a courageous little band of intrepid souls bent on carrying the dramatic torch into the great Peace River country to kindle a flame on new altars therein.

We met with great kindness and hospitality in every town. High Prairie, Fairview, Spirit River, Pouce Coupé and many others greeted us as welcome guests rather than professional entertainers; but then, the hospitality of the North Country is proverbial.

We enjoyed appreciative and sympathetic audiences at every point. As we pressed farther north our performances became more and more a novelty to the towns at which we stopped. In some of these, our audiences were comprised largely of French and Indian farmers; the percentage of English-speaking persons was small. To the former, our circular brown tent—thrown up over night, like a mushroom—symbolized only one thing, a Circus!

Eagerly they crowded around the first car to arrive which contained suit cases, trunks, props and divers other things—myself included. Ah, we had arrived: that was good. The roads?—yes, they were dusty. But where— they enquired of me, peering curiously into the car—were the animals?

And the name of the play? The play which has been in turn likened to a sacred flame and a humble plow; the play chosen to herald and proclaim the approach of drama to that great inland empire, was very aptly named—in this day of the Commercial Theatre—*It Pays to Advertise*.

The production was directed by Mrs. Nelson Haynes formerly Elizabeth Stirling of Toronto.

MELVIN PEARSON MARSHALL

LET - IT - BE - CANADA - THIS - SUMMER



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## THE ADDING MACHINE

FOR its second production the Edmonton Little Theatre had Elmer Rice's *Adding Machine*, acted by the University of Alberta Dramatic Society. It was a complete surprise to most of the audience, and the students are to be congratulated on having stimulated a good deal of thinking about dramatic technique. A few were heard to speak of it with extravagant praise, but perhaps most would agree with the opinion that 'It is not a play you can make up your mind about at once'.

Its structural daring is liable to blind one to its real faults or merits. The conservative will find nothing in it, and the enthusiast will find it a great play. Both will be wrong. The idea which the author presents (for it is distinctly written to preach a moral) is emphasized perhaps to obviousness by a method which dramatizes the idea instead of giving a picture of life. This is not the only respect in which it resembles the Moralities of the 15th Century. The term 'expressionistic' which has been used to describe this play is unsatisfactory, for besides being itself in need of explanation, it cannot be applied to all the varieties of technique which the play makes use of. The greatest merit of *The Adding Machine* is that it experiments with dramatic form. Although some of the avenues which it explores cannot lead very far, its boldness will encourage other playwrights to experiment and to keep the drama limber.

In writing about the recent presentation of this play in Edmonton one cannot avoid terms of highest praise. The director was Mrs. Elizabeth Stirling Haynes. Only occasionally did the actors remind one that they were amateurs. Christopher Jackson in his excellent interpretation of Mr. Zero abandoned himself to his part with a completeness that amateurs rarely show. The burden of the acting fell on him, but his was not the only part acted with satisfying competence. The scenery and mechanical arrangements involved some interesting problems. They were in the hands of Messrs. Holroyd and Landymore, and contributed much to the success of a play which depends more than most plays on ingenuity and artistry in setting and lighting.

J. T. JONES.

## WINNIPEG

## THE DYBBUK

Menorah Society, University of Manitoba.

THE connection between religion and the theatre is all but obscured in these bouncing times. Viewing most of the exhibits on the stage, an observer might well wonder if there ever was any. The ecclesiastical robes have shrunk to a brassière; the organ is a saxophone; the priest is a mammy singer. Hence, *The Dybbuk*, by S. Ansky, a Jewish play presented at the Winnipeg Little Theatre by the Menorah Society of the University of Manitoba, assisted by Community Players' talent, came almost with a shock of surprise. No little of the surprise was occasioned by the remarkably able manner in which it was presented. Religious in essence, the play lost nothing of stature or nobility at the hands of these enthusiastic amateurs. The production was under the direction of Winston McQuillin, and to him a major portion of the credit must go. This young fellow has been a tower of strength to the Little Theatre in Winnipeg, and some of its best productions have owed their success in large part to him. It is to be hoped that the Community Players can keep him, for it appears to be the experience here that promising material is either whisked away or goes away.

The plot of *The Dybbuk* can be briefly outlined. A boy and girl are betrothed by their parents. As a youth the boy spends years in the home of the girl's father and falls deeply in love with her. When he becomes a man the girl's father finds a better match for his daughter and marries her to another. Broken hearted, the boy dies and his spirit—*'The Dybbuk'*—enters the girl's body. She speaks with the tongue of her dead lover. Strange rites are undertaken to banish the Dybbuk, and it is with these that the latter part of the play is mainly concerned. The rites succeed, but when her lover's spirit leaves her the girl dies so that her spirit may rejoin him.

The play is revelatory of the profound depths of the Jewish religion; its strong, simple faiths. Throughout it is interwoven the texture of Jewish life and customs. As a picture it is extremely impressive, even if, as a drama, it holds bleak spots when the action sags. The settings were excellent. With a few exceptions, the acting was wholly commendable. Out-

standing in the cast were Sylvia Satten, who gave a really fine performance as Leah, the girl; Paul Wolinsky, Lawrence Abremovich, and Allan Moss.

JOHN HURLEY.

\* \* \*

## THE OTTAWA DRAMA LEAGUE

THE Ottawa Drama League is about to close a very successful season with the presentation of St. John Ervine's new play *The First Mrs. Fraser*, which is now having a run in New York. This will be produced at the Little Theatre during the last week of March. The Drama League has already put on four plays this season—*Cock Robin* by Phillip Barry and Elmer Rice, Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion*, *I'll leave it to you*, by Noel Coward, and *Outward Bound* by Sutton Vane. The last named was a revival, having been produced by the League for the first time about four years ago at the National Museum before it possessed a home of its own. The majority of the actors had been members of the former caste, and their previous experience went far in enabling them to give a very finished performance of this unusual type of play.

For many years the Ottawa Drama League has been interested in the encouragement of histrionic talent among the younger people, and has thus provided itself with a source from which to recruit new members for its main productions. During the present season, the Intermediate Branch of the League, under the direction of Mrs. Eric Brown, gave *The Ivory Door*, by Milne, and the Juniors, under the guidance of Mrs. D. P. Cruikshank, put on a successful performance of *Prunella*, by Granville Barker and Lawrence Housman.

The Little Theatre has proved a boon to Ottawa in other respects. It has been frequently used by other amateur organizations for dramatic and musical performances, and it has provided a place where many eminent professionals might be heard and seen, who would otherwise have scarcely been able to appear in Ottawa at all. In fact, there has hardly been a week during the whole season when some entertainment was not being given there. From a dramatic standpoint the most notable of these was a series of impersonations of some of Shakespeare's women by Mrs. Forbes Robertson Hale and her daughter, preceded in each instance by an interpretative talk of high educational value.

W. W. EDGAR.



## TORONTO NOTES

**A** NOTHER student revue was successfully staged in Maureen O'Mara's *Way of the World*, which offered a technically smooth production, with plenty of laughter but a certain paucity of wit, (though Miss O'Mara showed occasionally what she could do in this line) and a perfectly delightful series of tunes that recalled to the bald and the less bald the happy melodies of Daly's and the old Gaiety in the Strand; not that there was any plagiarism, it was good original stuff. Edgar Stone directed, and some of the sets were beautiful.

\* \* \*

The Theatre Arts Group tempted fortune—and got away with it, though I did not enjoy it myself—with A. A. Milne's *The Romantic Age*. It is a poor but difficult play, and the performance, partly for that reason, lacked speed and vigour. Their *If Four Walls Told* was much better done. However, the audience liked it, and that is a great deal to go on with.

\* \* \*

The Academy Players offered a sincere and skilfully staged rendering of Barrie's *Mary Rose*, perhaps the weakest and least convincing of that author's fantasies. Except in the part of Mr. Moreland, played by W. E. Briggs, the acting was not distinguished, and tended to become mechanical. Mr. Briggs should be heard from again.

\* \* \*

The Oshawa Little Theatre's *Grumpy* was remarkable for John Craig's playing of the title rôle at very short notice. He succeeded in building up a solid framework for that really excellent part, and, given time for the character to grow, would have achieved a notable piece of acting. Perhaps the play suffered a little from the partial diversion of the director's attention, but it was well done all the same and made a first rate evening's entertainment.

R. K. H.

\* \* \*

Havergal College gave two performances of the *Alcestis* of Euripides, in Gilbert Murray's translation. It was a carefully staged, and thoroughly creditable performance. The two really dramatic scenes of the play, the death of Alcestis and Admetus' interview with his father were excellently done. Herakles too was his own cheerful and boastful self. King Admetus, an extremely difficult part, was con-

vincing, and all the minor parts attained a good level. The Chorus was pleasing, though Murray's splitting up of the odes into fragments only increases the difficulty. And Euripides

alone can be blamed if the pathos of Alcestis' return turns a fine tragedy into a poor farce. He will do that sort of thing.

G. M. A. G.

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